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# Memories

The Magazine of Then and Now

**30 YEARS AGO**

## A Star Is Born

**Hail Caesar!**  
(Sid, That Is)

**U-2 Shot Down,**  
**Cold War Heats Up**

**Whatever Happened**  
**To**



*John F. Kennedy in Nebraska, 1960*





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# Memories

VOLUME THREE, NUMBER TWO, APRIL/MAY 1990

## Contents



FRANK TETINEAL PETERS COLLECTION

Ruth Gordon: Encouraged. PAGE 98.

### DEPARTMENTS

- 5 FROM THE EDITOR  
**All Dressed Up**
- 6 LETTERS  
**A Rose by Any Name**
- 10 YEARBOOK  
**Police Academy**
- 13 I REMEMBER  
**Indelible Ink**  
BY KATHLEEN CUSHMAN
- 16 FILM FESTIVAL  
**Great Scott!**  
BY GEORGE C. SCOTT
- 22 MARKINGS  
**Ave Mario**  
BY JULIE SALAMON
- 27 INDELIBLE IMAGES  
**Literary Allusions**  
BY MAUREEN MCFADDEN
- 30 PERSPECTIVE  
**The Mystery Man**  
BY CAREY WINFREY
- 98 SCRAPBOOK  
**And the Winner Is**  
BY WENDY LEONARD
- 101 EXCERPT  
**Bette, Joan and Oscar**  
BY SHAUN CONSIDINE
- 103 TAKING ISSUE  
**Wolves of Significance**  
BY LANCE MORROW
- 104 PHOTO FINISH  
**Hu-La-La**

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### 50 YEARS AGO ... 32

#### 34 THE BATTLE OF DUNKIRK **Deliverance**

BY RICHARD M. KETCHUM

#### **Germany's Big Chance**

BY BEN CATE

### 40 YEARS AGO ... 41



PHOTOFEST

Coca & Caesar: Venerunt, vidimus, vicerunt. PAGE 44.

#### 44 YOUR SHOW OF SHOWS **Hail Caesar**

BY DAVID ZURAWIK  
AND CHRISTINA STOEHR

#### **Oh, to Hell With Modesty ...**

BY BILL COMETTI

#### **Modern Furniture**

BY MEL TOLKIN AND LUCILLE KALLEN

#### **The Man Who Moved the Music Stand**

BY JOHN BUSKIN

### 30 YEARS AGO ... 52

#### 54 JOHN F. KENNEDY **The Making of a President**

BY WILLIAM A. HENRY III

#### **Mining for Votes**

BY BURT MEYERS



PICTORIAL PARADE

Edward R. Murrow: Hurling spears against the terror. PAGE 72.

#### 64 THE U-2 AFFAIR

A Shot Heard Round the World

BY MICHAEL R. BESCHLOSS

### 25 YEARS AGO ... 71

#### 72 EDWARD R. MURROW **On the Air**

BY JOSEPH E. PERSICO

#### **My Last Hero**

BY JOSEPH WERSHBA

### 20 YEARS AGO ... 82

#### 84 BRIDGING **TROUBLED WATERS**

Simon and Garfunkel Make Up

BY SUSAN ELLIOTT

#### 91 KENT STATE **'They're Killing Us!'**

BY MARK GOODMAN

#### **'Hard to Forgive, Hard to Forget'**

BY DELPHINE TAYLOR



LARRY WHITEHEAD

Simon and Garfunkel: "Trip of a lifetime." PAGE 84.



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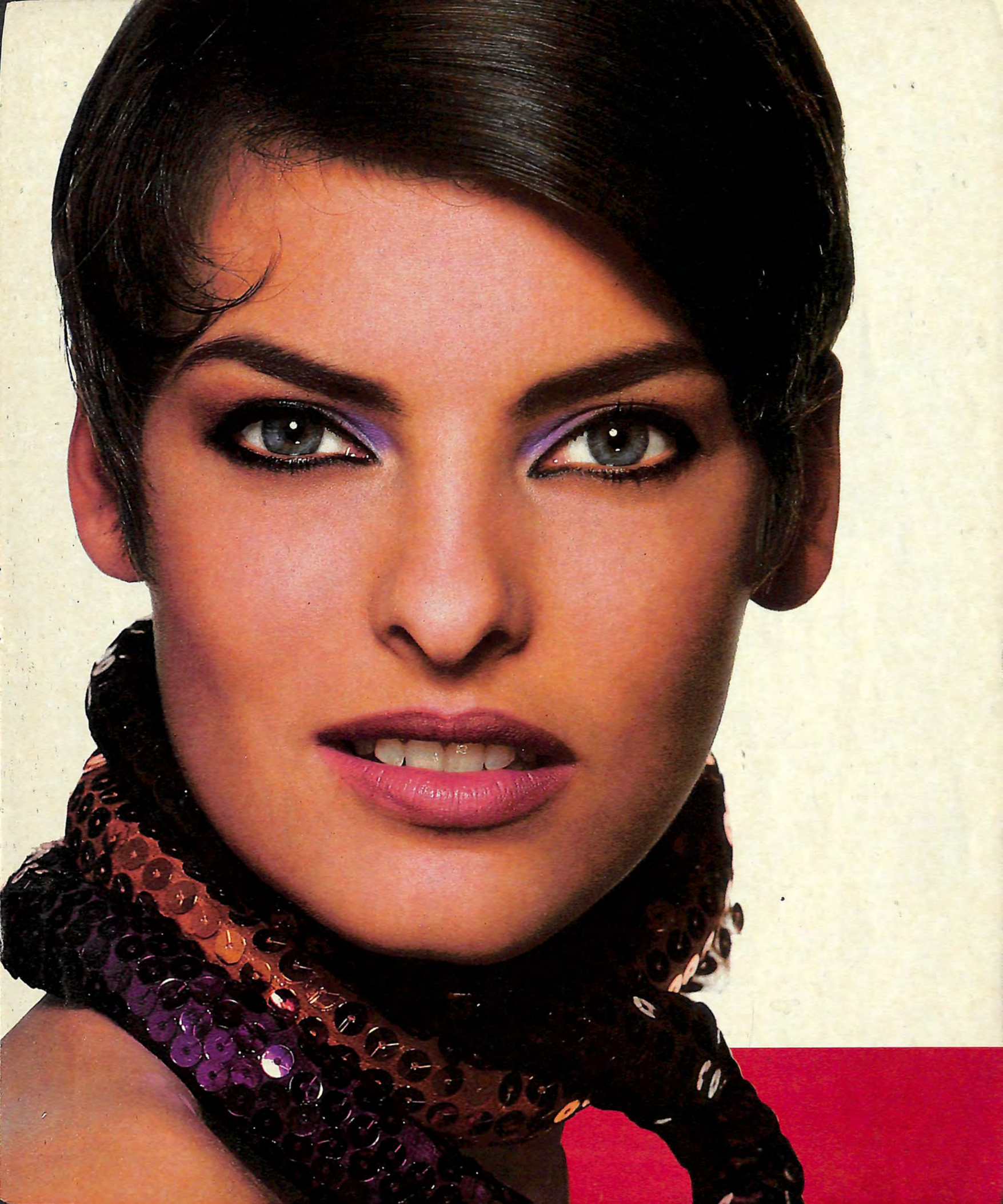


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# All Dressed Up With No Place to Go

THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS ABOUT EDITING THIS MAGAZINE I DON'T enjoy. One is having to tell a writer we've commissioned an article from that it doesn't . . . *quite* . . . work for us. The other is coming to terms, each closing, with the fact that not everything is going to fit. Some stories have to be postponed, others get "killed."

I'm sure every magazine editor wants to stuff the package as full as possible. Beyond that universal occupational impulse, however, what makes killing stories so painful is the awareness of how much went into them: the sweat and expertise of writers and photographers, researchers and fact checkers, text and picture editors, designers and layout artists. At this shop, before a major story is ready for the printer, easily a hundred hours of labor go into it.

For this issue we had several stories and departments all dressed up with no place to go. One of them we very much wanted to run. It updates an event that still reverberates—the police shooting of protesters in Sharpeville, South Africa, 10 years before Kent State. But with the crunch upon us and with the magazine's overall architecture in mind, I decided it was one of those to save for another time. After all, how many shooting tragedies must a reader be asked to absorb?

My decision was all the more difficult because of the zeal that senior editor Eileen Garred brings to her work in general and to stories like this one—which she had initiated, commissioned and shaped—in particular.

"Magazines need a social conscience for the same reasons people do," Eileen says, "to make us more aware, less self-centered."

I would not go so far as to say that Eileen is the only MEMORIES editor with a strong social conscience. But I think it fair to say that all of us here profit from the intensity of her concerns. "I start by asking myself what MEMORIES *ought* to be doing," she says. "Some events, like the civil rights movement, loom so large that we can't possibly overlook them; the question is not whether to do it but how to make the story come alive. In other cases, like Sharpeville, the idea is to explain an event most Americans know only vaguely, in the hope that it will shed light on a current situation."

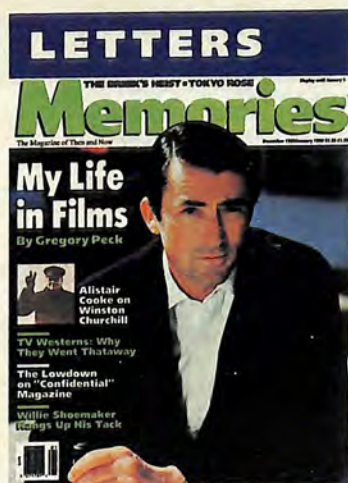
I couldn't agree more. Which is why, sooner or later, our Sharpeville story will surely run. In the meantime, I think you'll find the stories we *did* manage to squeeze into this issue well worth all the effort that went into them.



EILEEN GARRED: Intense concerns.

*Carey Winfrey*





# A Rose by Any Name

THANKS FOR YOUR STORY CONCERNING Tokyo Rose. When I was a student in California, I had several Nisei schoolmates. Among them was Iva Toguri, a quiet, rather shy teen-ager. I went into the Navy in 1937. Aboard ship in 1944, the only event that was allowed to interrupt our ward-room poker game was the "Tokyo Rose" broadcast. We enjoyed the program, particularly the music. On more than one occasion I remarked, "I'm sure I've heard that voice before." Little did I know it was Iva, until she was identified at war's end. Small world!

GAIL CURREN, U.S.N. (RET.)  
Escondido, Calif.

I VIVIDLY REMEMBER THE VOICE OF "TOKYO Rose" as I was standing on the deck of the U.S.S. Gilliam, leading the assaulting forces of the 11th Airborne into the Leyte Gulf. She said, "I see the 11th Airborne is headed for Leyte. Our boys are knocking your ships out left and right." She then named several ships, including the Gilliam. Obviously she wasn't trying to mislead us, since we knew we were not sunk. She was really warning us that the Japanese knew of our invasion. We thought she was very clever in warning us that way.

To add to the Leyte story: About the second or third day after we landed the 11th

Due to a production error, the attribution for an article by Harry S. Truman in our Feb./March issue was omitted. The article, "Dropping the Bomb," was excerpted from *Where the Buck Stops: The Personal and Private Writing of Harry S. Truman*, edited by Margaret Truman and published by Warner Books, Inc., 1989. We regret the omission.

We welcome your letters. Please address correspondence to: MEMORIES, 1633 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. You should include your address and telephone number for verification. Letters may be edited for clarity and length.

Airborne, a Japanese plane flew in low and ditched in the gulf. We rescued the pilot, who was an American aviator who had been forced to fly for the Japanese. Perhaps the same type of force and persuasion was used against "Tokyo Rose." The aviator told us that he had dropped a lot of bombs for the Japanese, but had never dropped one on target.

RAE T. GIBBONS  
Woodburn, Ore.

## Grapes

JOE MORGENSTERN'S ARTICLE ON THE MOVIE *The Grapes of Wrath* was great, up to the last three paragraphs. Too bad you didn't send his op-ed piece concerning Cesar Chavez, Mexican migrant workers, toxic pesticides, etc. to one of the weekly news magazines where one expects to find commentary on current issues. It's not that I disagree with what he says; I just don't care to read it in MEMORIES.

JOHN A. MCGINNIS  
Portland, Ore.

## Westerns

THANKS SO MUCH FOR YOUR TERRIFIC article on TV westerns. These were (and still are) some of my favorite shows. With cable stations rerunning them, my 5-year-old can now appreciate some of the programs and attitudes which were truly good for you. Please give us more of these excellent articles.

KATHLEEN JORDAN  
Joliet, Ill.

I READ WITH GREAT INTEREST YOUR ARTICLE about TV westerns. The author raised several insightful reasons for the demise of the genre; they could probably all be summed up by saying that westerns simply came to be regarded by most people as hopelessly anachronistic. Whatever your concept of the Old West is, there can be no disputing the fact that precious little of it still exists.

Perhaps the most unfortunate aspect of the western genre was that it always placed much more emphasis on entertainment than on historical accuracy. Anyone with even a casual acquaintance with the history of the American West knows that daily living was a

far cry from its portrayal on TV and in movies. Thank you for an excellent, well-written article and a top-notch magazine.

TERRY BOETTCHER  
Paulden, Ariz.

I GREW UP WITH WESTERNS. THEY WERE MY love and passion, and I finally moved out West to get the kind of flavor I always craved. The actress Gail Davis was my idol as a child, and I watched her in *Annie Oakley* faithfully. There is not enough written about her, and until I read your article I felt maybe she was a figment of my imagination.

JEAN PADILLA  
Phoenix, Ariz.

YOU MENTION THAT ASIANS, HISPANICS AND Indians only at times showed up in westerns, usually as servants. I'm sure you've heard of *Zorro* and *Broken Arrow*. Neither was mentioned in your article. Were you afraid to say that these shows had a Hispanic and an Indian as the leads?

JAMES L. BROOKER  
Ambler, Pa.

## Churchill

ALISTAIR COOKE'S ARTICLE ON CHURCHILL and "Rude Awakening" by Henry Mitchell are a joy to read and re-read, as is practically every article—or, for that matter, every word—of your magazine. But what makes it all so fascinating are the pictures, lots of pictures. Please, please, never cut back!

BARBARA J. SEIDAND  
Pahoa, Hawaii

THANK YOU, ALISTAIR COOKE, FOR THAT kind and honest portrait of Sir Winston Churchill. Thank you, Henry Mitchell, for putting into words the essence of my personal Churchill nostalgia. And finally, thank you, [photo editor] Donna Bender, for Karsh's portrait of Sir Winston.

ADRIAN DE LOPE  
Condesa, Mexico

## Bouquets

AFTER A YEAR OF YOUR MAGAZINE I AM STILL amazed and delighted. Copies of MEMORIES are always left on the coffee table of our





# In 1989, four million Americans bought midsize cars. Maybe they should have waited a year.

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As for you other 4,000,000? Next time, don't be so hasty.

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**HYUNDAI**  
Cars that make sense.







# NOTHING ATTRACTS LIKE THE IMP



CORIANDER SEEDS FROM MOROCCO



ANGELICA ROOT FROM SAXONY



JUNIPER BERRIES FROM ITALY



CASSIA BARK FROM INDOCHINA

## LETTERS

living room. Our visitors glance through, and they are hooked. As a result, five friends—ages 36 to 65—have subscribed. You've reached 600,000 circulation in six issues? I predict you will grow and grow.

MARIAN FORNATOC  
Anaheim, Calif.

FROM ZERO TO 600,000 IN ONE YEAR? YOU earned it—MEMORIES is great!

DAN BOWER  
Flint, Mich.

WHEN MY ROOMMATE CAME HOME SEVERAL months ago and said, "I've found a treasure!" I was skeptical. However, now I sing your praises to the highest. Being a movie buff, I am thrilled with the articles dedicated to our greatest art form, but I find myself equally absorbed in your political and human-interest stories. Thank you for this much needed publication. As long as you keep printing it, we'll keep buying it!

DAVID W. SHULER  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

I'VE HAD A LOT OF UPS AND DOWNS IN 42 years, but never have my emotions run such a gamut in such quick succession as they do while reading your magazine. Great work!

AUDREY MCSHEEHY  
Rollinsford, N.H.

AS A SOCIAL STUDIES TEACHER, I encourage my students to read books and magazines when their regular work has been completed. In recent weeks I have noticed an interesting activity concerning your magazine: Students like your way of presenting history without being textbook-structured and read it with great interest.

As you may know, some magazines encourage student readership by incorporating with each issue educational material for teachers. Perhaps you might want to develop such a program and perhaps expand to a weekly publication. If my students are any indication, you might have a winning combination.

GREGORY ZIONKOWSKI  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Weekly publication? First let us work out the kinks in our new monthly frequency, which begins with the October 1990 issue.—Ed.

## Weapons

IN YOUR DECEMBER/JANUARY "FILM Festival" on the movies of Gregory Peck, no mention is made of one of his best—*The Guns of Navarone*. I wonder what Mr. Peck thinks of this film. It has to be one of the all-time great war movies.

DON P. PARISI  
Buffalo, N.Y.



PHOTOFEET

Space limitations prevented us from printing all of Mr. Peck's comments. Of *The Guns of Navarone* he said, "Great fun, a real derring-do adventure story. It had a style not





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LEMON PEEL FROM SPAIN



ORRIS (IRIS ROOT) FROM ITALY



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*completely unrelated to the Keystone Kops, with the Nazis as the Kops . . . It was enormously successful. We bought a villa in Cap Ferrat with the proceeds."*—Ed.

THE PICTURE OF GREGORY PECK ON THE cover of your recent issue brought back a long-remembered afternoon, one that I spent in a movie theater in St. Louis in 1944. Mr. Peck was featured in *Keys of the Kingdom*, in which he played a missionary sent to a Chinese village. As I walked out of the movie, I had this wonderful feeling of having discovered a new star. Since then I have seen many of his pictures and it has never ceased to amaze me that he has always performed with great strength and conviction. Thank you for giving me the opportunity to recall that memorable afternoon.

JEWEL WILKIN  
San Diego, Calif.

MEMORIES' SLUR UPON THE M-1 GARAND rifle in the December/January issue ["50 Years Ago"] was baseless and undeserved. "Rust prone"? Hardly. The M-1's finish kept rust at bay under the most severe conditions. The rifle kept delivering rapid and accurate fire even after being immersed

in mud, sand or salt water. "Thoroughly despised"? Where did you find that base canard? Although G.I.s sometimes complained of its weight, few ever wished to exchange a Garand for a bolt-action German Mauser or Japanese Arisaka.

WAYNE R. AUSTERMAN  
Colorado Springs, Colo.

## Drops

WITH REGARD TO THE FLAG-RAISING ON IWO Jima ["Indelible Images"]: As one who went ashore on D-Day with the 24th Marines, I can relate to photographer Joe Rosenthal's statement on the raindrops. ["No man who survived that beach can tell you how he did it. It was like walking through rain and not getting wet."]

JIM DAHL  
New Auburn, Wis.

## Gripes

I RECOILED IN HORROR (AS DID, NO DOUBT, Garrison Keillor) to find in "Yearbook" that you had moved Anoka from Minnesota to Michigan! Kindly return it to its proper location, so I can visit my home town

when I next return to Minnesota.

JOHN E. CLINE  
Houston, Tex.

HANK WILLIAMS DID NOT DIE IN A CAR accident ["40 Years Ago"]. He died in his car. He was booked for a New Year's Night show in Canton, Ohio. There was a widespread snowstorm, so he hired a man named Charles Carr to drive him in his Cadillac from Montgomery, Ala., to Canton. Hank sat in the back, sleeping most of the time. At Oak Hill, W. Va., Carr tried to rouse Hank and found him dead. The official cause of death was "alcoholic cardiomyopathy"—simply put, heart disease brought on by excessive drinking.

His funeral, held in Montgomery, drew 25,000 mourners. Women cried and men wept openly. A reporter wrote that the funeral was "the greatest emotional orgy in the city's history since the inauguration of Jefferson Davis."

RAY BRONK  
Austin, Tex.

*Thanks to all who wrote in to correct our error. We should have double-checked our source—which, alas, was inaccurate.*—Ed.





# YEARBOOK



Inspector Steve Keller



**Michael Kirk Douglas**

The Choate School  
Wallingford, Conn. 1963

1960-61: Football;  
Basketball; J.V. Track.  
1961-62: J.V. Football;  
Wrestling; J.V. Track; Art  
Club; Auto Club.  
1962-63: Varsity Football;  
Weight Training; Varsity  
Track; Chairman, Dance  
Committee; Art Club;  
President, Auto Club.



Sgt. T.J. Hooker



**William Shatner**

West Hill High School  
Montreal, Que. Canada  
1948

Football 2, 3, 4; Wrestling;  
Skiing Club. Ambition:  
Actor. Nickname:  
"Toughy."

Lieutenant Columbo



**Peter "Pete" Falk**

Ossining High School  
Ossining, N.Y. 1945

Class President 1, 4; Class  
Vice President 3; National  
Forensic League;  
Dramatics Club; Senior  
Class Play (appeared as "a  
private detective whose  
characterization brought  
forth peals of laughter and  
applause").



Det. Ken "Hutch"  
Hutchinson



**David Soul [Solberg]**

Washington High School  
Sioux Falls, S.D. 1961

German; Latin; Biology;  
OLD Committee; OLD MC;  
Warrior; I.R.C.; Boys' State;  
Track; Monitor; Hi-Y; Quill  
& Scroll; College Club;  
Student Council 11.

Det. "Sonny" Crockett



**Don Johnson**

Wichita High School South  
Wichita, Kan. 1967

Senior Attendant;  
portrayed Tony in *West  
Side Story*.



Det. Ricardo Tubbs



**Philip Michael Thomas**

San Bernardino  
High School  
San Bernardino, Calif.  
1967

Boys Choir, A Cappella  
Choir.



# ACHAD=MY

Dep. Sheriff Barney Fife



**Donald Jesse Knotts**  
Morgantown High School  
Morgantown, W.Va 1942

Class President, 2, 4; Vice-President 3; Hi-Y 1, 2, 3, 4; Thespians 4; Senior Follies 1; Hi-Y Minstrel 1, 2, 3, 4; Us and Co. Revue 1; Mardi Gras 4; Red and Blue Journal 4; Student Council 1, 2, 3.



Capt. Frank Furillo



**Daniel Travanti**  
Mary D. Bradford  
High School  
Kenosha, Wis. 1958

Forensics 1, 2, 3; Football 1, 2, 3; A Cappella Choir 1, 2, 3; Honor Society 2, 3, Vice Pres. 2, Pres 3; K-Klub 2, 3, Sec. 2, Pres. 3; Class Vice Pres. Variety Show 3; SPY 3; Badger Boys State 2; Elks Leadership Contest, Second Place 3.

Det. Lieut. Mike Stone



COURTESY OF GARY (IND.) PUBLIC LIBRARY

**Karl Malden**  
[Mladen Sekulovich]  
Emerson High School  
Gary, Ind. 1931

Class President 4; Basketball '29, '30, '31; Tennis Mgr. '29, '30, '31; Opera '28, '29, '30; Board of Control; Lake County Boys' Chorus '28, '29, '30, '31; Spice and Variety '28, '29, '30, '31; Concert Orchestra '28, '29; Annual Staff; Senior Play. "The very quietness of spirit"—*Merchant of Venice*.



Deputy Marshal  
Sam McCloud



**Dennis Weaver**  
Joplin High School  
Joplin, Mo. 1941

Det. Harry Hooperman



**John Ritter**  
Hollywood High School  
Hollywood, Calif. 1966

"Active in Student Body Government affairs since the tenth grade, John Ritter was elected President for the Spring semester and proved that the voters, as usual, knew what they were doing."



Sgt. Dan Madigan



**Richard Widmark**  
Princeton Township  
High School  
Princeton, Ill. 1932

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**(THE NEXT STEP WOULD SEEM FAIRLY OBVIOUS.)**



# Indelible Ink

By Kathleen Cushman

**T**he year 1967 ended with the 101st Airborne Division taking my father off to Vietnam to command a brigade, and all that year I worked every day after school as a printer's devil, making nametapes for recruits to sew on their uniforms. They were printed in indelible ink, and I would come home at night from the shop with my fingernails outlined in black and their names running through my head: Jackson, Lightning Hawk, Fetterschnider.

the hay. I sat watching them and daydreaming, waiting for U.S. history class to be over.

After school, self-conscious in my short skirts, I would walk to the military police station at the main gate, and then across the highway to the print shop. Endlessly the buses carrying draftees rolled past, boys a year or two older than I hanging out the windows and hooting. They still had their hair, but I knew it would be gone by nightfall.

The next day I would have the lists of

beside the press, the swishing sound of the shining black stuff between their rubbery cylinders, the thrum of the press's motor as it hit its speed. The inch-high type felt like children's toys between my fingers, heavy and cool and slightly greasy as I set it up and took it down, name after name.

I got to be friends, as we worked, with two soldiers, moonlighting pressmen. From time to time we traded off jobs, especially as we worked through the evenings after the boss had gone home for the night. They were boys of about 19, both of them reserved about talking to me at first; they knew my father's name and what power he had in the division. Billy was a pale, nice Midwesterner with a shy manner and a quizzical, sideways look. The other one was named Bill, too, but they called him Squirrel; he was undersized, with sharp, bright eyes and compact cheeks, and he had a sense of fun.

Though I was an officer's daughter and they were enlisted men, while we worked we were balanced in a pleasant equality of the task, which offset the heady, ambiguous complexities of rank and sex and power. With all of us working at top speed we could go through an entire roster in an

We lived in the senior officers' housing area, a narrow strip of postwar bungalows on the edge of a divided highway that ran the length of Tennessee. As I lay in my bed I could hear music from the honky-tonks across the strip, the rubber shrieking from tires as soldiers drove drunk into the darkness. I used to figure out routes north as I tried to sleep, making plans for my escape. In the morning I would watch from the school bus windows as the troops in basic training ran by in their platoon formations, chanting. I knew all the words from childhood, from hearing my father sing them in the shower. "Glory, glory, what a helluva way to die," he would bellow in the echoing stall. "I ain't gonna jump no more."

In the fields within sight of our classrooms the soldiers lunged at haystacks. "The purpose of the bayonet is to KILL!" they grunted as they stuck the points into

KATHLEEN CUSHMAN teaches expository writing at Harvard. Her book *Circus Dreams: The Making of a Circus Artist* will be published by Little, Brown next fall.

their names in my hands, in the back room of the print shop where the old job press was set up to receive them. My employer was a civilian, a middle-aged man from the town down the highway; he had an air of bemused distraction as he trained me in my tasks. Until that year he had made a modest living printing rubber address stamps and calling cards for the transient population. With the war buildup he got the nametape contract, overflow from the on-post printing office, and he was suddenly strapped for help. He hired off-duty soldiers—E2s and E3s who couldn't get by on their pay—and taught us all to run the press.

It was fast work and there was a nice rhythm to it: the slap as we inked the rollers with a spatula from the ink barrel

hour. One night Squirrel spent tackling another press, which stood disabled in a corner, with tools he brought from the auto pool on post, and the next evening we doubled our speed. We turned up the radio and triumphantly sang along as the type flew from my fingers into the case, into the stick again, one of the two soldiers always ready for me as I turned to lift the heavy chase.

They were waiting, not happily, to go to Vietnam, but we knew little of what awaited them there, and so we rarely spoke of the war. We talked of their hometowns, where Billy had a girlfriend and worked in a garage. We passed over the subject of my own life, which seemed to me a dreary





## I R E M E M B E R

affair. At home, too, we were waiting for the division to leave for the war, which could happen at any point and would take me north with my mother to live until my father's return. I knew that the next year I would go on to college, and I regarded that as my eventual escape. In the midst of that suspension, my time at the print shop was a kind of reprieve, as perhaps it was for Billy and Squirrel, too.

It is hard to say how many names we put through the press by the time fall came around and brought our new assignments all at once. I remember once looking up at the PX counter, where I was buying some cheap earrings to take with me to college, and recognizing with a start on a soldier nearby an unusually romantic-sounding name I had set in type the week before. I used to imagine the face that should go with each nametag, and of course it was entirely different: This soldier looked raw and shocked, less an adult than I thought I had come to be.

On our last night in the shop we had a party. The boss stayed late and brought in Bavarian creams from the doughnut shop next door, and after he had left for home Billy produced a fifth of Jack Daniel's, which he mixed with Dr Pepper and served ceremoniously to me in a paper cup. We locked the front door and turned up the radio and set the two job presses running faster than we had ever worked, not stopping until two hundred names were banded in tens with rubber bands and thrown into the box. When we had finished the last one, we took our entire collection of strange names down from the wall where we had pinned them, and as solemnly as we could manage, we called out the roster.

"Klackenhorne!"  
 "Fingerdingle!"  
 "Bumpser!"  
 "Frighteningham!"  
 "Maws!"

After each name one of us would jump up and salute and call out "Sir!" and then we would collapse onto our stools laughing. We kept it up until the last name was called, and then we divided up the collection and swore that whenever we met these men, they would be our fastest friends.

On the door of my college room that fall I pinned a map of Vietnam, and for a few months I followed with colored tacks the progress of our division. I

wrote Billy and Squirrel each a letter but heard no reply, and at Christmas my cards were returned stamped "address-ee unknown."

In the presence of new influences my politics were shifting, anyway; the sharp new fatigue jacket with my own nametape sewn on it in bold black letters hung unused in the back of my closet, and I wore instead, to my family's dismay, a large and threadbare Army jacket from a surplus store in the city.

It was not until years later, when the war was over and I was married with a child, that I went south again and visited the print shop, where the boss still worked. The post had demobilized, and the nametape contract was gone with the waves of recruits. The old job presses sat in the back, barely used. The smell of hot rubber still hung about the shop, and the fat lady who ran the stamp press gave me an odorous embrace. I asked the boss if he ever heard from Billy and Squirrel.

"Billy?" he said, with his old bemused squint. "Squirrel?" He did not remember them at all, two moonlighters in a series that had come through the shop in the Vietnam years, making nametapes for the soldiers that would follow them.



*The commanding general presented diplomas at the author's high school graduation.*

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# Great Scott!



CULVER PICTURES

**ANATOMY OF A MURDER** (1959) with Eve Arden. Here, in my second film (*The Hanging Tree*, with Gary Cooper, was my first), I'm learning patience and courtesy from the incomparably affable James Stewart. I've always been grateful for getting a shot at playing the pyrotechnical villain Claude Dancer. [Scott was nominated for an Oscar for this part.—Ed.]

**THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSENGER** (1963). Here I am with Kirk Douglas—my boss, the producer. I lied when I told director John Huston I could "sit a horse." He wrote two fox hunts into the picture and I was thrown three times in one day. Cracked three ribs.



MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES (2)



PHOTOFEST

**THE HUSTLER** (1961) with Paul Newman. A first-rate talent, Paul. I was on Broadway in a play about the Warsaw ghetto (*The Wall*) when producer Bob Rossen came in and asked, "What's a nice guy like you doing in a play like this?" Then he invited me to come be a villain in this movie. I thought it over for 14 seconds. [This part earned a second Oscar nomination.]



PHOTOFEST

By

*Jim Stewart*

**DR. STRANGELOVE** (1963). The quintessential strategic psychopath, Gen. Buck Turgidson. What a marvelous, showy part to play. May we never see his like again.





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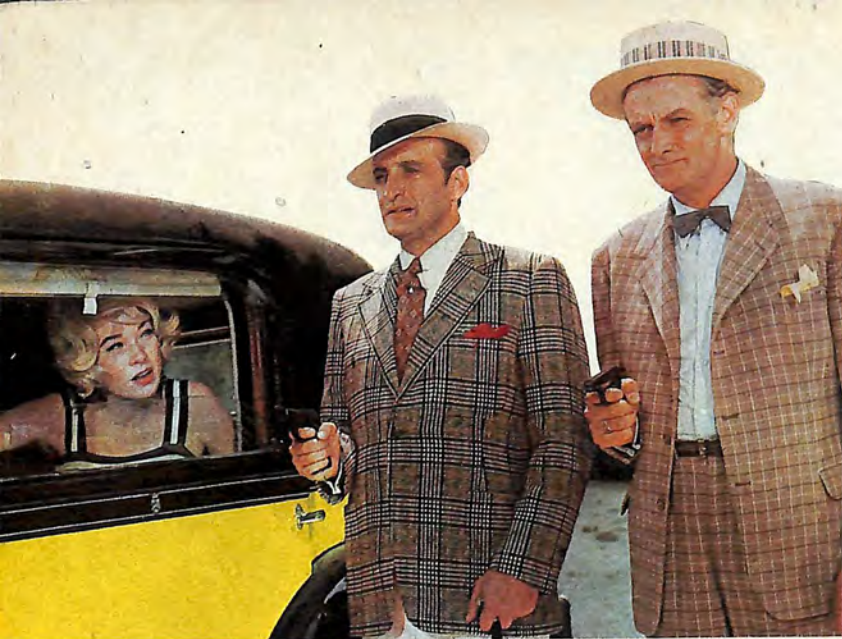
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# FILM FESTIVAL



PHOTOFEST

**THE YELLOW ROLLS-ROYCE (1965).** Shirley MacLaine (whom I adored even though she was not yet metaphysical) doesn't look scared of these turkeys. Art Carney and I were frightened of our Italian driver, who careered along mountain roads with the help of a horn and accelerator.



**THE BIBLE (1966).** A film not without great beauty. But a bitter experience; disappointing, exhausting and agonizing for nearly everyone connected with it. I've spent 25 years trying to forget I was ever involved in it.



**PETULIA (1968).** I didn't understand a single word of the rather *avant* script, but director Dicky Lester seemed to know exactly what he was doing. Julie Christie is not only beautiful, but she brings unqualified grace and dignity to her work.

**PATTON (1970).** The Old Man himself. Would love to have known him. But I'm not sure I would have loved serving under him. [Scott won a Best Actor Oscar but declined it.]



SPRINGER/BETTMANN FILM ARCHIVE

**THE HOSPITAL (1971).** That's Richard Dysart that Diana Rigg and I are ministering to. I'm not sure if we're really trying to save his life or force him to pay his Screen Actors Guild dues. [Yet another Oscar nomination.]

**OKLAHOMA CRUDE (1973).** The picture had all the right dynamics but just didn't signify with the public. I guess the theme—the conflict between waning rugged individualism and nascent feminism—worked out to a long yawn.



**THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN (1973).** My wife and co-star Trish Van Devere and I loved these magnificent creatures. We intended to swipe Fa and Bee, our dolphin co-stars, and smuggle them into the States, but cooler heads prevailed. We are still actively opposed to the continuing slaughter of dolphins by the tuna fleets.



KOBAL COLLECTION

PHOTOFEST

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES (3)



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# FILMFESTIVAL

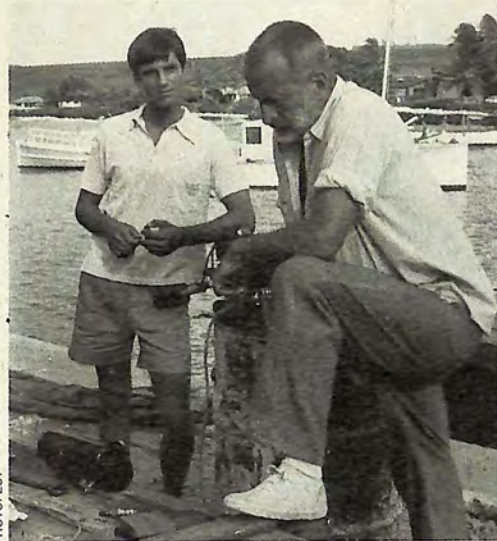


**THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE (1974).** Not only did I produce, direct, finance and distribute this film, I also carried the boar. The critics didn't care for it, and neither did the public. *C'est la guerre.*

KOBAL COLLECTION



**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1976).** The makeup conception was mine, brilliantly designed and executed by Dick Smith and Del Acevedo. When I broke out with a fearful skin rash, a specialist was summoned. Del offered to stay with me and "wait for the vet."



PHOTOFEST

**ISLANDS IN THE STREAM (1977)** with Hart Bochner. A quiet, beautiful film from Hemingway's last novel. The producers were sensitive and caring about the material, and it showed.

MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES (2)



**THE CHANGELING (1979).** Trish and I look like we're doing an ad for tight underwear. This was a rather tasteful little horror film directed by Peter Medak, a mad Hungarian. It was wonderful to have Melvin Douglas with us in one of his final roles.

COURTESY OF MORGAN CREEK PRODUCTIONS



**THE EXORCIST 1990 (1990).** The first time I've ever been frightened by reading a script! Bill Blatty is a terrific writer and an excellent director. But I'm telling you, I would hate to have this guy's dreams.



PHOTOFEST

**THE FORMULA (1981).** Working with Marlon Brando was a highlight of my career. One of the original talents of all film history. He struck me as a lonely, rather shy man, though he had a sweet soul and galloping good humor.

LESTER GLASSNER COLLECTION/NEAL PETERS



**A CHRISTMAS CAROL (1984).** This photo shows the rigidity and dreadful loneliness of Scrooge. But I love old Ebenezer and the way he redeems himself—and us—every Christmas.



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# Ave Mario

By Julie Salamon

**S**ince it was first held in 1962, the Mario Lanza Ball has marked a high point of the autumn social season in South Philadelphia, birthplace of the singer and movie star. But this one was something special. More than 500 people showed up to commemorate the 30th anniversary of his death (at age 38 in 1959). They came to pay their respects and to reminisce about the star, born just after the death of Enrico Caruso, the century's greatest tenor, a coincidence of no small significance to Lanza's devoted fans.

Robert and Gilda Pratt and Gilda's niece and namesake drove up from Florida. Sonny Day, who became a Lanza fan as a schoolboy in Jamaica, flew in from Hartford, where he now lives. Josephine Fasano crossed the river from Bricktown, N.J., as she has every year since the first ball, except for the two she missed due to deaths in her family. And William Earl,

74, a twinkly, bald pharmacist who is chairman of the British Mario Lanza Society—which boasts members from as far away as Russia and Australia—seized the Lanza anniversary as the occasion for his first trip to the United States.

The ball culminated a day of festivities that began with mass at the St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi Church, on Montrose Street, the church where Lanza first sang the "Ave Maria" as an altar boy and the site of his funeral service. His body had been shipped back to the neighborhood from Rome, where he was living in self-imposed exile after his Hollywood career soured. The official cause of death was a heart attack. Many of the faithful still claim Lanza's heart was broken by those callous few who exploited his talent.

On ball day, the St. Mary Magdalen congregation was once again moved to sniffles by the "Ave Maria," sung in homage by a tenor named White Eagle, a Native American with long black hair. "Mario Lanza was my childhood inspiration," White Eagle said afterward. "I saw him on TV in the trailer house I lived in, in Rapid City, S.D. I was 5 years old and I thought, 'That's what I want to do.'"

Over the years, the connection between Lanza and his admirers has approached the reverential. Something in that strong, lyrical voice seems to have inspired worship of the man as well as his talent. On this day, many of those in attendance were as familiar with the libretto of Lanza's life as they are with *Carmen*, *La Traviata*, or the seven films he made.

They eagerly traded anecdotes about their hero: How he began to sing as a young delivery boy from a poor family. How he was discovered at age 21 in 1942 by Serge Koussevitzky, conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, when—the story goes—he broke into an impromptu aria from *I Pagliacci* while delivering pianos to Philadelphia's Academy of Music. (Actually, though Lanza *did* take time out from piano-moving to sing for Kous-



KOBAL COLLECTION



JAGARTS COLLECTION



*Though Lanza has been dead for more than 30 years, fans, films and albums keep his memory alive.*



Three of the singer's four children, Lisa (left), Damon and Colleen, came to the Lanza Ball.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MEMORIES BY STEVEN M. FALK



# THE FRAGRANCE OF THE IMAGINATION

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sewitzky, the audition had been set up by a friend.) How, once he was discovered by Hollywood, the moguls destroyed him physically and emotionally by forcing him to lose weight (he once tipped the scales at nearly 250 pounds) and to compromise his artistic integrity. And, as though it had happened yesterday, they delighted in recalling the details of Lanza's 1957 meeting with Queen Elizabeth, whose favorite recording, they say, was Lanza's rendition of "Because You're Mine."

Today, Lanza's childhood home looks much as it did when he was a boy. Two of his maternal aunts, Julia Alioto and Hilda Lanza, still live in the house on Christian Street where the singer was born. At their invitation, a hundred or so of his devotees made a pilgrimage to see it after the church service. The aunts, now in their 70's, seemed somewhat daunted by the number of strangers who trekked to the third-floor attic room where their nephew was born. But they rallied quickly.

"Well, everyone knew he had a voice when he was a kid," said Aunt Julia as she bustled about serving pastry and coffee.

"But everyone wondered, 'Would he become a singer?'" added Aunt Hilda.

"He knew he would," Aunt Julia said to her sister in a tone that signaled an end to the discussion.

The pilgrims' next stop was the Mario Lanza Institute, where audio cassettes, videotapes and souvenir pens were available for purchase. "I've known Mario since 1959," said Edwin Diamond, an elderly man from South Dartmouth, Mass., as he surveyed the movie posters, the bust crafted by a Hungarian fan, the gold records from *The Great Caruso* and *The Student Prince*, and the tuxedo shirt and light blue sweater once worn by the singer. "I mean, I really didn't know him, but I knew him. He's one of the greatest singers who ever lived. I don't think I've ever loved anyone like that."

Joseph Siciliano, 71, the museum's curator, has devoted much of his adult life to guarding the legend of the childhood friend he first knew as Freddy Coccozza. A retired policeman, Siciliano was 12 when



"Because You're Mine" was Queen Elizabeth's favorite. Her 1957 meeting with the tenor has gone into legend.

he met 10-year-old Coccozza, who would later, for professional reasons, adopt his mother's maiden name, Lanza, and a variation on her first name, Maria.

As youngsters, the two boys liked to follow a workout at a neighborhood gym with a visit to the Victor Cafe on Dickinson Street, where Freddy would sing along with recorded arias (still the restaurant's signature, though now it's the waiters who sing) and eat hoagies, South Philadelphia's trademark cold-cut sandwich.

Freddy developed into a teen-age bruiser with a massive chest matched by the size of his ego and of the promise he felt life held out for him. Siciliano still remembers his friend at a beach, pounding his bare, 50-inch chest, Tarzan-style, and bellowing grandiose predictions about his inevitable fame. He also recalls the temper that got Freddy expelled from school for cracking the jaw of a teacher who called him a wop.

Siciliano has no use for those who speak ill of his buddy—people like Terry Robinson, the trainer Louis B. Mayer asked to work the fat off Lanza after M-G-M cast him in *That Midnight Kiss*. Robinson became Lanza's confidant, public-relations man and, eventually, guardian of his four children. [Lanza's wife, Betty, died five months after he did.] Robinson's 1980 biography, *Lanza: His Tragic Life*, portrayed a singer preoccupied with women and whisky and hinted that he may have been murdered by the mob. The allegations raise Siciliano's ire.

"We were making a documentary at the

Institute," Siciliano recalled, "and Terry Robinson says that Lanza was an alcoholic, that his wife was an alcoholic. Well, we cut that out. Anything derogatory we won't have. I will not have no one talking about a dear friend of mine who's deceased and can't stand for himself."

Robinson says even Lanza's children supported his telling all about their father. "I asked the kids: 'Should I tell the truth?' They said, 'The truth.' I wanted Mario to go to A.A. but he wouldn't. Was his drinking from Hollywood pressure? It could be. Where in the history of opera did such a young, good-looking guy come along who could also be a matinee idol?"

As he has every year, Robinson presided over this year's ball, held as usual at the cavernous Palumbo's Restaurant, a South Philadelphia institution. He was flanked by three of Lanza's children, Colleen Davis, Lisa Bregman and Damon Lanza; only Marc Lanza was absent. The guests consumed vast quantities of shrimp, scallops and oysters, then gathered at long dinner tables to listen, enraptured, to Lanza's 1952 recording of "I Walk With God," played in lieu of grace. William Earl talked about taking his late first wife to see every film the singer made, from the first, *That Midnight Kiss* (1949), to *For the First Time* (1959). "We used to queue up for hours," he said. "I admired his manliness and was a great collector of his albums. My only regret is that she couldn't come to see this."

At another table, Joe Del Guidice, a mail carrier from Farmingdale, N.Y., recalled the morning in 1949 when, as a 13-year-old, he stumbled by mistake into a showing of Lanza's *That Midnight Kiss*. Transfixed, he stayed and saw the picture over and over until after 9 that evening. These days, his admiration undiminished, Del Guidice watches Lanza movies on a VCR under a portrait of his hero.

Not far away, the singer's son Damon, 37, a California restaurateur and motorcycle dealer, explained why he had come. "Throughout my life, meeting people who knew my dad has helped me," he said. "My memory is only of flashbacks, visits to recording studios and movie sets. These people help me put the whole picture together."

JULIE SALAMON, film critic for the Wall Street Journal, is the author of *White Lies*, a novel.



There's a science to it,"  
Grampa would grin as he watched  
Steve and me struggle to spread  
cold LAND O LAKES® Butter on mom's  
hot, steamy pancakes. "Watch me now."

And watch we did as "Pa" intro-  
duced us to "The Technique." He  
sliced off a sliver of our favorite  
butter and smoothly slid it under  
his top pancake. "It's called positive  
thermotaxis," he explained (it  
looked like melting to us). "Butter  
molecules are inextricably drawn  
to hot flapjacks."

We weren't always sure what he  
was talking about, but one thing was  
certain: It tasted great. And Pa's  
techniques really made science  
easy to swallow. Not to mention  
the pancakes.



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1965.



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# Literary Allusions

By Maureen McFadden



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During the Depression, novelist and short-story writer Eudora Welty, among others, was enlisted by President Franklin D. Roosevelt's Works Progress Administration (WPA) to document life in America. Her assignment was to photograph the citizens of her home state of Mississippi. Eventually, some of the images she captured found

their way into her prose, both in non-fiction works such as *The Flavor of Jackson* (a remembrance of her hometown) and in fictional portrayals of life in the South such as *The Optimist's Daughter*. "I used in the way I might refer to notes certain snapshots of costumes," the 80-year-old Pulitzer Prize-winning writer said in an interview in *Eudora Welty Photographs* (1989). "But it was the living experience working in my imagination that made me put it in the story in the first place. My fiction's source is living life."

## A PAGEANT OF BIRDS, 1930s

ONE SUMMER EVENING ON A STREET IN MY TOWN I SAW two Negro women walking along carrying big colored paper wings in their hands and talking and laughing . . . They walked in at the Farish Street Baptist Church . . . As soon as people began coming into the church, out walked Maude Thompson from the rear, bustling and starched in the obvious role of church leader . . . I wanted them to have a picture of the group to keep and offered to take it . . . The Birds who could make it were finally photographed, Maude Thompson supervising the poses. I did not interfere. She instructed them to hold up their necks, and reproached the Dove of Peace for smiling. "You ever see a bird smile?"

FROM *THE EYE OF THE STORY* ©1978 BY EUDORA WELTY.  
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EUDORA WELTY COLLECTION, MISSISSIPPI DEPARTMENT OF ARCHIVES AND HISTORY





## MARDI GRAS, 1930s

FAY GRABBED LAUREL'S ARM AS SHE WOULD HAVE grabbed any stranger's. "I saw a man—I saw a man and he was dressed up like a skeleton and his date was in a long, white dress, with snakes for hair, holding up a bunch of lilies! Coming down the steps of that house like they're just starting out!" Then she cried out again, the longing, or the anger, of her whole life all in her voice at one time, "Is it the Carnival?"

FROM *THE OPTIMIST'S DAUGHTER*, ©1972 BY EUDORA WELTY. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.

## BORN IN THIS HAND, 1940

IDA M'TOY, AN OLD NEGRO WOMAN, FOR A LONG TIME A midwife in my Mississippi town and for another long time a dealer in secondhand clothes in the same place, has been a skyrocket for as long as people remember . . . Ida's constant gestures today still involve a dramatic outthrust of the right hand, and let any prominent names be mentioned (and she mentions them), and she will fling out her palm and cry into the conversation, "Born in this hand! Four hundred little white babies—or more," she says. "My God I was bringing them all the time. I got 'em everywhere—doctors, lawyers, schoolteachers and preachers, married ladies."

FROM *THE EYE OF THE STORY* ©1978 BY EUDORA WELTY. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF RANDOM HOUSE, INC.



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505-121



# The Mystery Man

By Carey Winfrey

**A** white light cut through the dark Manhattan sky like a knife through a porterhouse steak and I could smell the rain. I crossed Broadway against the traffic and tried to make sense of the few facts I had. Something was wrong, sure as hell wrong.

Why would one of the best-selling writers of all time—24 books, 180 million copies sold—put Mike Hammer, his prize private-eye, on ice for two decades? And what made the writer, at age 71, decide to defrost him again?

I didn't have long to wait for answers. I ducked into the hotel, one of those old-world numbers with real mahogany paneling and a thick Oriental rug on the floor. Near the registration desk a man sat on a sofa, holding hands with a kewpie doll. With his close-cropped white hair, he looked like a Marine drill instructor, give or take half a century. His shirt said Miller Lite, but his belt said Miller Heavy.

He stuck out a paw and I pumped it.

"Mickey Spillane," he said. The voice held enough gravel to pave a driveway. He introduced me to the kewpie. Her name was Jane. Wife number three. She flashed a 100-watt smile and told me that when she married the guy, six years ago, she hadn't read a single word he'd written. Her father said his books were dirty.

I smiled, just barely, and turned to Spillane. "Why'd you bench Hammer?" I asked him.

He shot me a look and took a drag of lobby air. "I got bored," he said. "Everything became redundant. I turned pro in 1935, so I'd been around a long time."

"Why suit him up again?"

"It was time," he said. For a moment I thought the matter was closed. Then he took another inhale of the lobby's finest. "I'd been with Miller Beer for 16 years, and that's a long time to be doing one thing. And that sort of came to an end. Now I'm back in this business again."

In the new book, *The Killing Man*, Hammer shows up at the office to find his devoted secretary, Velda, out cold and a stranger sitting at his desk, a note-spike through his brain and five fingers cut off at the first knuckle. The tips are on the desk with a message: YOU DIE FOR KILLING

ME. Hammer will not rest, of course, until he deciphers the note and wreaks his trademark retribution.

Like the book's structure, Spillane's macho-staccato prose style is unchanged from *I, the Jury*, the 1947 novel that introduced Hammer and shocked readers with its frank language and a much-quoted surprise ending. Hammer shoots the heroine, who has turned out to be the villain, in the stomach: "'How c-could you?' she gasped. I only had a moment before talking to a corpse, but I got it in. 'It was easy,' I said."

The first Hammer made Spillane famous. It also made him a target for critics, who accused him of gratuitous sex and violence. In today's permissive climate, their attacks seem as dated as Hammer himself. In the new book, the 12th Hammer, there are references to AIDS and Uzis. But readers won't sense much passage of time. In fact the street-smart Ham-

mer, with his barracks bravado, his pre-Columbian world view and his eye for the "kittens" and "dolls," hasn't aged a day—or, some might say, learned a thing—since his last outing in 1970.

"Hammer's still 46," I said. "What gives?"

For an instant there was the minutest change of expression. "I kept him the same age I was when I did the movie [Spillane played Hammer in the 1963 film *The Girl Hunters*; Stacy Keach played him in the mid-80's CBS-TV series] because you can't have a guy who's 71 being a romantic hero, unless it's John Wayne."

"You've always said you only write for the money." It was a question, and he knew it.

"It's a business. It's a total business. I never think of writing as being an art form. 'Good' means whatever people buy. Literature is only what people read. That's the important thing. We're in a business.

It's like show business has two words, and the last is the most important."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jane looking at her husband as if his mug belonged on Mount Rushmore. I guess Spillane did, too, because when he finished the speech he reached over and squeezed her arm. It reminded me of a question I wanted to ask.

"A lot has changed in the last 20 years—the women's movement, for example. Do you think today's reader will object to Hammer's sexism?"

There was a quiet seriousness in his tone. "The women's movement only represents certain people. Women are still women. There are those who want to be on a par with men—equality. What people forget, women aren't equal to men, men aren't equal to women. The word equal means to be the same, and they're *not* the same. They're apples and oranges." He gave Jane another squeeze.

For the last 35 years, Spil-



Mickey Spillane: "I'm back in business again."





At age 46, Spillane played his alter ego in the 1963 film *The Girl Hunters*, opposite Shirley Eaton. Spillane got older. Mike Hammer didn't.

lane has lived in a rambling 18-room "beach shack" near Myrtle Beach, S.C., an area he first fell in love with flying over it as a pilot in World War II. From the shack he watched Jane, then a neighbor's daughter, grow up, along with his own four children. In the years that he wasn't writing, Spillane filled his days between Lite duties—commercial and personal appearances—fishing and puttering around the house.

Last fall the house was demolished by Hurricane Hugo, and the Spillanes now live just down the road in what he calls a "refugee village." But with insurance money, some nails and a Hammer or two (Spillane got \$1.5 million for the new book, and there are two more in the typewriter), they plan to rebuild. Fortunately, Spillane writes fast. *The Killing Man* took all of three weeks.

"Writing is like sex," he said. "You start off slow and then you build and build and BANG, there's a climax. And then you don't write for a while. Then you do it all again. It's great because all you need is a typewriter, \$3 worth of paper and a mailbox—if you can sell. I don't sell art. I sell merchandise. That's what I am, a merchandiser."

There seemed no stopping him. "I like people to enjoy what I've done, but you don't have to go crazy over it. If you just enjoy what you read, you'll buy the next one. I have an axiom: The first page will sell this book; the last page will sell your next one. Because people don't read a book to get to the middle, they read a book to get to the end. And they hope the end justifies the time they spent."

By now, it was *my* time that was almost spent. I turned and faced him, meeting his eyes square on. Then I lobbed a marshmallow:

"I read somewhere that your books have been translated into umpteen languages." The man's eyes danced.

"I'm the fifth most widely translated writer," he said. "Ahead of me is Lenin, Tolstoy, Gorky and Jules Verne, and they're all dead. A long time ago a fellow came to me and said, 'What a terrible commentary on the reading habits of the American public to think that you have seven out of the top 10 all-time best sellers.' I said, 'Aw, shut up. You're lucky I didn't write three more.'"

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# APRIL AND MAY

# 1940

## 50 YEARS AGO

### SOUND ROCKS CARNEGIE

**April 9** Sound crashed and echoed through Carnegie Hall tonight, demonstrating the power of "stereophonic reproduction of enhanced music." Bell Labs engineers say the potential of their new system, which records several soundtracks on film and reproduces them simultaneously, is "unlimited."

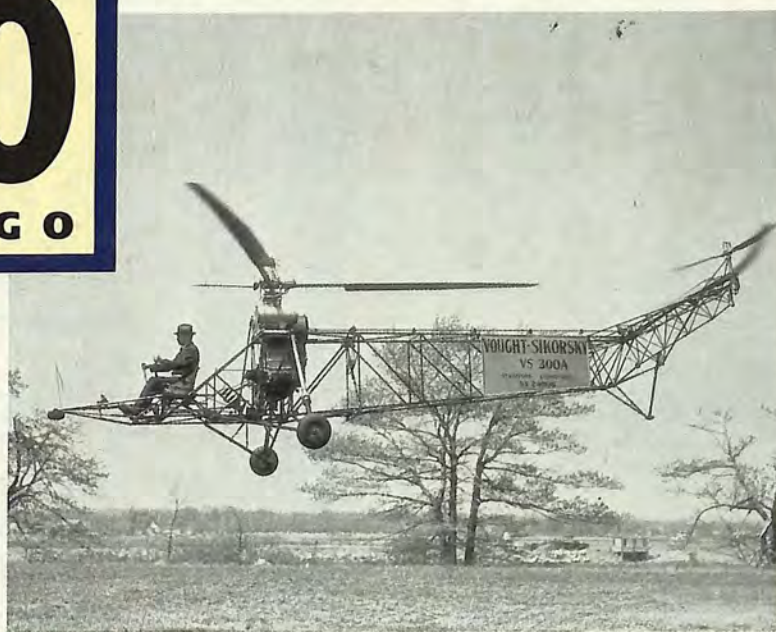
### HOW MUCH FOR HITLER?

**April 30** A million-dollar cash reward for the safe capture of Adolf Hitler is offered by sprightly 82-year-old Samuel Harden Church, president of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. In an open letter to the *New York Times*, Church writes that upon his capture, Hitler will be brought to trial at the League of Nations for



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

"crimes against the peace and dignity of the world." Church insists that his plan has a chance of working. "I have come to believe that it will indeed catch people's imagination," he says. Church hatched his plan while mingling with Pittsburgh's coal and steel millionaires at the exclusive Duquesne Club. He guarantees that an anonymous group of 50 of his town's top magnates can raise the reward.



REUTERS/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

### LIFTOFF

**May 13** In Bridgeport, Conn., Igor Sikorsky has completed the first successful helicopter free flight in the U.S., bringing to life a vision of Leonardo da Vinci. Although Sikorsky had tinkered with helicopters for years, it was not until today that the invention got off the ground. A three-bladed propeller perched atop a 75-horsepower engine lifted designer Sikorsky and his helicopter 20 feet and moved easily in every direction but forward. "That is one of the minor engineering problems we have not yet solved," said

Sikorsky, who is currently constructing a new 200-horsepower helicopter in his Vought-Sikorsky plant. Along with saving lives by expediting medical-emergency treatment, Sikorsky believes helicopters may revolutionize air warfare by using vertical movement to evade enemy firepower.

**Update** Sikorsky Aircraft still leads the world in helicopter design and manufacture. It has built 9,187 helicopters during the past 50 years. In the U.S., civilians and the military currently use about 18,000 helicopters.

### THE PRIZES OF YOUR LIFE

**May 6** *The Time of Your Life*, William Saroyan's second play, wins a Pulitzer Prize, three days after winning the New York Drama Critics Circle award. It is the first play to take both prizes. Other Pulitzer winners: John Steinbeck for *The Grapes of Wrath* and Carl Sandburg for *Abraham Lincoln: The War Years*.

**Update** Saroyan, 31, refused the Pulitzer, along with its \$1,000 check, because he feared the money might compromise his artistic integrity. "Commerce has no business patronizing art," he told the Pulitzer Committee. Saroyan's editor, Robert Giroux, thought Saroyan was piqued at the lack of attention paid to his



first play. "When I phoned him to tell him he'd won," Giroux said, "he replied, 'They should have given it to me for *My Heart's in the Highlands*.'"

### Miscellany

**April 1** Franco celebrates one-year anniversary of the end of Spanish Civil War . . . **April 4** Sara Delano Roosevelt says she only wants her son to run for a third term if "he would do good by being President" . . . **April 9** Germany invades Norway "to forestall a British invasion" . . . British actress and intimate friend of George Bernard Shaw, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, dies at 75 . . . **April 19** Canadian Gerard Cote wins Boston Marathon in record time: 2 hours, 28 minutes, 28 seconds . . . **April 29** Lake Shore Limited jumps tracks on a curve in New York State, killing 30 and injuring more than 100 . . . **May 7** Tchaikovsky's 100th birthday is celebrated in the U.S.S.R.; a Moscow street and orchestra are named in his honor . . . **May 10** Winston Churchill becomes British prime minister as Reich troops invade Belgium and Netherlands . . . **May 14** American anarchist Emma Goldman dies in Toronto . . . **May 16** FDR asks Congress for \$286 million for defense; calls on Americans to "recast their thinking about national protection."

### Titles

In *Native Son*, Richard Wright tells the story of Bigger Thomas, a young black man driven into crime and executed for murder . . . *The Hamlet*, by William Faulkner, begins a trilogy about the Snopes family . . . The movie version of *Our Town*, with William Holden and Martha Scott (below), has its premiere.



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# Deliverance From Dunkirk



**By Richard M. Ketchum**



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

It was such a scene as Goya might have painted to depict the horrors of war. There on the beaches flanking the French town of Dunkirk, one-third of a million British and French soldiers were trapped—hemmed in on three sides by Hitler's triumphant Wehrmacht, caught with their backs to the sea.

In the harbor, ships lay heeled over on their sides, some holed by mines, others hit from the air, burning out of control. A pall of black smoke from burning oil tanks hung over the town, a symbol of disaster visible for miles. For hours at a time, the

beaches were under continuous attack from the air, and soldiers huddled in fox-holes they had dug in the dunes. Each new wave of enemy planes provoked a handful of men to stand exposed and defiant, firing rifles vainly at the Stukas and Heinkels. At night, while tracer bullets flew across the sky and flames from burning buildings threw eerie shadows across the sand, the unceasing moans of the wounded came from all directions.

Where's the bloody R.A.F.? men grumbled, their eyes skyward, unaware that the British Command had to think ahead to the defense of Britain from the invasion that seemed sure to come. Though every Royal Air Force fighter plane that could be spared was sent to

RICHARD M. KETCHUM's most recent book is *The Borrowed Years: 1938-1941—America on the Way to War*.



## 50 YEARS AGO: THE ALLIES ESCAPE DISASTER

*At the start of World War II, a third of a million men, trapped by the Germans, survive to fight another day.*

K





# Germany's Big Chance

By Ben Cate

**M**ay 10, 1940—3 A.M. A special train crawls into a darkened railroad station near Aachen, Germany. Adolf Hitler and his staff climb from the train into a waiting fleet of automobiles for the drive to Hitler's western command post. The Führer's bunker, hidden atop a heavily wooded mountain, is surrounded by concrete pillboxes, hundreds of yards of barbed wire, wooden barracks and offices. It is from here that Hitler, 52, plans to direct *Fall Gelb* (Case Yellow), the first phase of his planned conquest of Western Europe.

4 A.M. Fleets of Luftwaffe bombers and fighters take off. Within an hour, close to 4,000 Nazi warplanes are airborne over northern France and the Low Countries, smashing airdromes, rail lines, barracks and Allied armor.

5 A.M. As a sunny spring dawn breaks across the Low Countries, 76 German divisions, including 10 panzer divisions, thunder across a 175-mile front from the North Sea in Holland to Luxembourg in the south. The peaceful morning is shredded by exploding shells and bombs, the deadly growl and clank of hundreds of panzers and the piercing screams of Stuka

dive bombers spitting death and destruction. The second Nazi blitzkrieg of World War II (following the invasion of Poland in September 1939) is underway.

Early afternoon. Decked out in summer whites, Field Marshal Hermann Göring, commander in chief of the Luftwaffe, arrives at air force headquarters outside Berlin. Göring, 47, at the peak of his power, directs his beloved Luftwaffe.

6 P.M. In London, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, is summoned to Buckingham Palace. "I suppose you don't know why I have sent for you," says King George VI. "Sir, I simply couldn't imagine why," Churchill replies with a straight face. The King smiles and asks Churchill to form a new government. By midnight on this fateful May 10, 1940, he has done so. World War II is now fully joined.

May 11. Göring's Luftwaffe takes control of the air; within 48 hours it will destroy close to 1,000 Allied aircraft, many of them caught on the ground during the initial hours of the aerial blitz. The Dutch and Belgian air forces are eliminated and the French air force decimated. The R.A.F. takes staggering losses.

By May 14, Gen. Heinz Guderian's panzers have successfully negotiated the "impenetrable" Ardennes Forest, breached the French line in and around Sedan and started their race to the English Channel, 130 miles away.

Several hundred thousand French soldiers, commanded by aging generals using World War I tactics, are chewed to pieces. The French stand helpless before the onslaught. Having relied on land lines for communications (they feared radio intercepts), entire divisions find themselves cut off as the panzers tear up the archaic communication system.

As the Germans crunch ahead, the 7th Panzer commander, an unknown major general named Erwin Rommel, 49, reports laconically: "Civilians and French troops, their faces distorted with terror, lie huddled in the ditches, alongside hedges and in every hollow beside the road."

At his redoubt, Hitler can hardly believe the hourly dispatches reporting his successes. He has slept little. His mood swings from great elation to profound depression verging on paranoia. One mo-



German Stukas (and Heinkels) bombed and strafed troops on the beaches.



A nervous Hitler told Field Marshal von Rundstedt to halt the ground forces.

ment he is praising his generals; the next he is shouting abuse, darkly fearful that some unforeseen disaster will rob him of his impending victory.

Writing in his diary on May 17, Gen. Franz Halder, 57, chief of the German Army General Staff, notes: "A most unfortunate day. The Führer is terribly nervous. He is frightened by his own success, is unwilling to take any risks and is trying to hold us back."

Guderian and his panzers are advancing at 15 to 20 miles a day. By May 20, the tanks have reached the channel at Noyelles, cutting the Allied armies in half. But infantry and other support units are struggling to keep up. Desperately fearing a French trap and still under the illusion that the French have a great army, Hitler continues to tell his generals to slow down.

Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, 65, commander of Army Group A, whose panzers are wreaking havoc behind Allied lines, also begins to worry. On May 24, with some corps reporting their strength down to 50 percent, from losses and maintenance problems, Rundstedt issues the



first of a series of halt orders to his seven panzer divisions.

Hitler flies to Rundstedt's headquarters the same day. He is in a jovial mood. The Allied armies are in tatters. He talks freely about the end of the war and how he will make peace with England, provided the British return to Germany all the colonies they seized after World War I. He quickly endorses Rundstedt's order for a pause. Hitler and his generals are thinking ahead to the coming battle for France.

Sitting at a large oak desk beside his command train hidden in the Eifel Mountains, Göring pounds his fat fist on the table. "This is a wonderful opportunity for the Luftwaffe," he shouts. "I must speak to the Führer at once."

In their telephone conversation, Göring convinces Hitler that his planes can finish the enemy, sparing the panzers for the coming drive on Paris. Hitler agrees.

Meanwhile Guderian, who can see Dunkirk, is steaming. Total victory, which is there for the taking, is slipping away because of the halt orders. Guderian threatens to resign.

The German offensive belatedly resumes on May 27, but it is too late—the momentum has been lost. The three-day pause has given the badly battered British and French forces time to regroup, resulting in the miracle of Dunkirk.

BEN CATE is a senior editor of the East-West News Service and a former Time foreign correspondent.



Field Marshal Göring assured Hitler his Luftwaffe could finish the job.

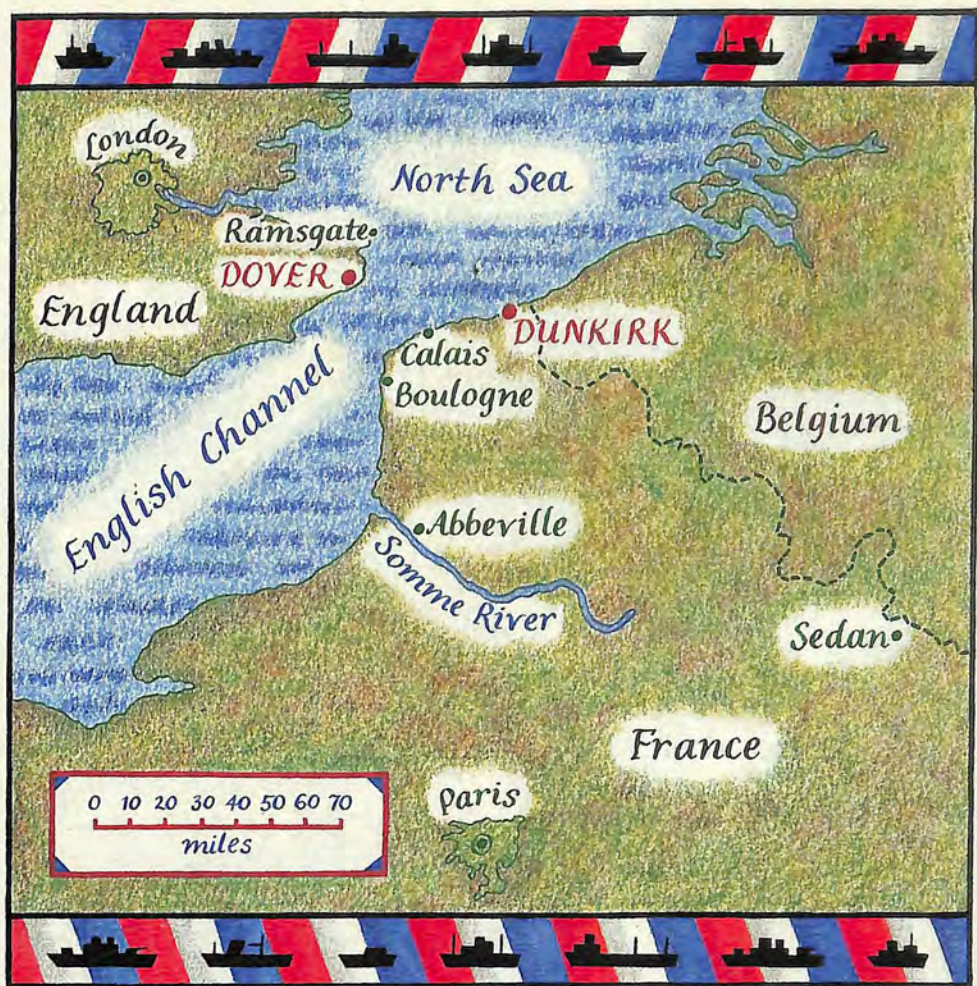


ILLUSTRATION BY MELANIE MARDER PARRIS

Dunkirk, Spitfires, for instance, with less than three hours flying time, had only 20 minutes at full throttle over the beaches if they were to make it back across the English Channel to rearm and refuel. As the Luftwaffe concentrated more and more planes on the vulnerable target, Allied losses rose alarmingly.

Long lines of troops stood waist-deep in the water—nudged occasionally by bodies carried shoreward on the incoming tide—waiting desperately for rescue ships to take them off. But as the hours and days passed they began to wonder if the navy had given them up. From destroyers and minesweepers offshore, British naval officers sent urgent requests to the Admiralty for more ships and boats—any kind of vessel that could bring these men home. A radio message from the destroyer Wakeful described the situation with clipped eloquence: "Many troops, few boats."

Adding to the chaos onshore, the French First Army, with orders to man the western end of the perimeter, had to march across and through the frightened, bewildered mass of men on the beach in order to reach their position. The French soldiers had every reason to wonder if they would be left behind at the last. Tempers grew

short, fights broke out. (In fact, Winston Churchill had promised Paul Reynaud, France's premier, that the French soldiers near Dunkirk would be rescued in equal numbers with their British allies—they would come away *bras dessus, bras dessous*, arm in arm.)

Eight months earlier—on the first day of September 1939—Germany's invasion of Poland had touched off what was to become the 20th century's second world war. With the death of Poland had come silence. On the western front, half a million front-line French soldiers hibernated in the concrete caverns of the supposedly impregnable Maginot Line, confidently awaiting the German attack. Within hailing distance of their foe, they hung out their washing and even exchanged notes and verbal greetings with their enemies. An expectant world watched what U.S. Senator William Borah derisively called "the phony war."

May 10, 1940, brought reality with a vengeance. Hitler's legions swarmed into Holland and Belgium. As the British and French rushed northward to counter what they believed to be the main attack, the mightiest armored force ever assembled struck to the south.





AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3)



Vice Admiral Bertram Ramsay, a master organizer, was called out of retirement to oversee the evacuation. All known types of vessel—pleasure craft, fishing boats, trawlers, dredges, barges—ferried the exhausted troops across the English Channel to safety.

*Blitzkrieg*—lightning war—the Germans called it, and by any name it was beyond the understanding of the French command, which expected a resumption of the tactics of the First World War, where prolonged artillery barrages and short advances were followed by enemy barrages and counterattacks. *Blitzkrieg* was a continuous explosive assault by massed tanks, supported by relays of dive-bombers and artillery battalions, followed by waves of motorized infantry, relentlessly overrunning the defender's lines to terrorize the countryside beyond.

The day after the French line was broken at Sedan, panic and disbelief seized

Paris. With the French army nearly split in two, half of it isolated with the British north of the Somme, the government, and most Parisians, realized France was lost. Overwhelmed, Premier Reynaud telephoned Prime Minister Churchill to say, "We have been defeated. We are beaten. We have lost the battle." Despite Churchill's remonstrance that it could not be over so soon, that there would surely be opportunity for a counterattack, Reynaud only repeated, "We are defeated."

Within two weeks, 150,000 French troops had been killed, and when Churchill flew to the French capital to assess the situation, he asked the French com-

mander, Gen. Maurice Gamelin, "Where is the strategic reserve?" The reply came at once: *Aucune*—there is none.

On May 17 Gen. John Gort, the burly, calm commander of the British Expeditionary Force (B.E.F.), lost contact with the Belgians, who were on his left, and the French, who were somewhere to his rear. He knew that the situation was totally out of control. Three days later the Germans reached Abbeville, cutting France in half, and turned north. On May 23 Boulogne fell and the Germans besieged Calais.

The following day—just two weeks after Hitler launched his offensive—some 400,000 French and British troops found themselves surrounded, trapped with their backs to the sea near the French port of Dunkirk on the English Channel. Clearly, only a miracle could save them. "A great part of the B.E.F. and its equipment will inevitably be lost," said Gort, "even in the best of circumstances." Churchill believed 20,000 or 30,000 soldiers might be saved—with luck. Across the channel, England prepared for the worst and began evacuating coastal towns, readying for an invasion.

For days, Gort had been urging London to let him withdraw, to save his army so it might fight another day, but to no avail. Finally, on the evening of May 25, he made the momentous decision himself, canceling a planned advance to the south and ordering his troops to head north, where they could embark for England. By now the decimated troops, many of whom had lost touch with their units, were surrounded by a vast panorama of defeat—some 63,000 wrecked vehicles, more than 20,000 motorcycles, 2,500 guns, countless helmets, shoes and rifles, and everywhere the fetid bodies of those who had been strafed or bombed by the screaming Stukas or the high-flying Heinkels. Nearly all of the living were bewildered by what they had been through, mentally and physically exhausted. Thousands were wounded, and



neither enlisted men nor officers had the slightest notion of what was going to become of them.

The miracle they required began on May 24, when Hitler—fretting, fuming and wishing to save his precious tanks for the assault on Paris—ordered his panzer commanders to halt, 10 miles southwest of Dunkirk. The commanders were understandably speechless: Here they possessed the opportunity of a lifetime, to capture or destroy totally the Allied armies facing them, and headquarters ordered them to stop fighting. The job of mopping up in Dunkirk was given by Hitler to an elated Hermann Göring and his Luftwaffe.

One high-ranking German army officer wrote in his diary that this one decision cost Germany an assured victory in Flanders and, he added prophetically, “perhaps . . . lost us the whole war.”

The immediate result was a grace period of nearly three days: 64 hours of unusually calm channel seas and cloudy skies, heavy with rain and mist, that limited the Luftwaffe to three major assaults on the beaches—ideal conditions for one of the most remarkable fleets ever collected to ferry troops from Dunkirk.

To command so critical a mission—Operation Dynamo it was called—Vice Admiral Bertram Ramsay, a master organizer, was summoned out of retirement. From every port in Britain all known types of vessel—pleasure craft of various sizes and shapes, fishing boats, tugs, trawlers, dredges, barges, ferries, an America’s Cup challenger, even a float from London’s fire brigade—responded to Ramsay’s call and made their way to Ramsgate to take on provisions and to hear a final message: “Every man for himself. Make for Dunkirk—head for the sound of the guns—and good luck.”

An excerpt from the diary of one of the volunteers, quoted in Norman Gelb’s recently published *Dunkirk*, captures the mood: “Then, and not until then, we were told, not without a certain amount of lurid detail, of the ‘stunt’ on hand . . . A cold hard lump formed in my stomach and . . . my ‘tummy’ felt it had dropped to the region of my knees. I dared not look at the others and remembered that I had not even told my wife and the kiddies that I had left London, let alone ‘joined up’ with the Navy.”

The odds of success remained terribly long. German artillery pounded the beaches. At first, Allied soldiers mobbed the boats, frequently swamping them. Even after order was established, smaller



Churchill’s “we shall fight on the beaches” speech turned retreat into triumph.

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

est battle of annihilation in history,” as one German magazine gloated.

Even Churchill admitted that what had occurred in Belgium and France was “a colossal military disaster.” Yet whatever was ahead, whatever might come, he pledged, “We shall not flag or fail. We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills . . . We shall never surrender.”

Churchill’s inspiring roar of defiance turned the perception of Dunkirk from a defeat into a victory, in America as well as England, with stunning ramifications. On May 29, when it still appeared that many of the men trapped on the beaches were doomed, a U.S. public opinion poll revealed that only 47 percent of Americans favored selling airplanes to Britain and France. Following Churchill’s speech, on June 4, the number soared to 80 percent. “So long as the English tongue survives,” said an editorial in the *New York Times*, giving voice to a virtual consensus, “the word Dunkirk will be spoken with reverence.”

vessels often capsized in the surf. Engines broke down, propellers were fouled on wreckage underwater, the vessels hit German mines, were bombed and strafed from the air, were attacked by enemy torpedo boats. Yet still the motley fleet shuttled back and forth across the channel.

Of an estimated 850 vessels, at least 235 were lost; the returning crews were half dead from exhaustion. Finally, on June 2, Admiral Ramsay received the radio message he longed to hear: “B.E.F. evacuated.” Between May 26 and June 4, when the last French trooper was evacuated, some 338,000 Allied troops were snatched from the jaws of disaster in what Winston Churchill was to call “the deliverance.” Yet the cost was awesome. Gort alone lost 68,000 men. The R.A.F. lost 177 planes in nine days. The British army left most of its heavy equipment on the beaches, and, when it was over, the navy had only 74 destroyers—out of 200—fit for duty.

Worse, Dunkirk marked the end of the existing alliance against Germany. The Belgians and Dutch were completely out of the war, and the French would surrender within the month. Only Britain remained, to fight on alone, with only one division—the 2nd Canadian Infantry—fully equipped and up to strength. Some of the remaining 20 divisions were so badly beaten up it would take months to reorganize and retrain them. Across the channel, 200 superbly armed Wehrmacht divisions needed no convincing that Dunkirk would “stand for all time for victory in the great-



Mission accomplished; Rescuing vessels were towed up the Thames to their owners.

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APRIL AND MAY

1950

40 YEARS AGO



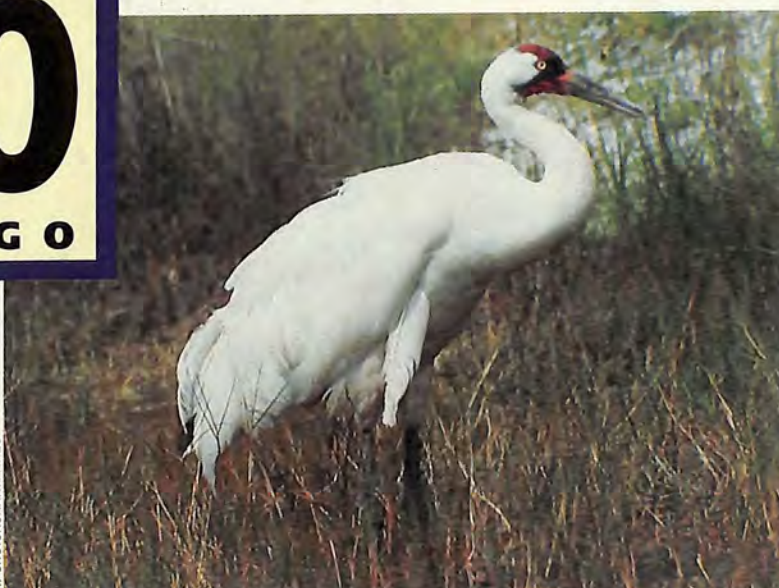
NBC

### HOPE-FUL TV DEBUT

**April 9** In his first television appearance, on the *Star Spangled Revue*, Bob Hope, 46, portrays a gun-toting cowboy in a ten-gallon hat. Hope, one of the top 10 box-office movie stars each year since 1941, makes the transition to TV seem effortless. His rapid-fire style seems ideally suited to the medium.

**Update** For several years after his debut, Hope made regular appearances on *Chesterfield Sound Off Time* and *The Colgate Comedy Hour* and soon began hosting his own TV specials. His Christmas shows, filmed during tours to entertain American troops overseas, became an annual tradition. Hope now earns up to \$100,000 for each appearance and is on the road one out of every three nights. What's next? He plans to build an entertainment center and museum in Florida and is working on a book, *Don't Shoot, It's Only Me*, with collaborator Mel Shavelson. It is due out in May.

H. CRUICKSHANK/WIREO



### WHOOPIING IT UP

**May 26** The first whooping crane hatched in captivity is born in the Arkansas National Game Refuge.

**Update** The birds have made a remarkable comeback. Known for their ritualistic courtship dances, screeching calls and seven-foot-plus wingspans, they have been protected since 1969 by the Federal Endangered Species Act. The only remaining

captive flock, which now numbers 53 birds, was divided between two locations last December to increase survival chances in case of an epidemic or natural disaster. The last wild flock of whooping cranes has grown to 144 birds, probably the most in the 20th century, according to a biologist at the flock's winter refuge.

### A DIVINE DANCE

**April 8** Vaslav Nijinsky, hailed as the greatest ballet dancer of all time, dies of kidney disease at age 60. In 1909, early in his career with the Russian Imperial Ballet, Nijinsky won the praise and devotion of impresario Serge Diaghilev, who borrowed him for a special season of modern ballets in Paris. Nijinsky was dismissed from the Imperial Ballet for appearing before the Dowager Empress in a too-revealing costume—a stunt some suspected was arranged deliberately to dissolve his obligation. Nijinsky went on to dance with Diaghilev's company, appearing in *The Spectre of the Rose* and *Petrouchka* in a renowned performance at New York's Metropolitan Opera House in 1916. A year later, Nijinsky was forced to stop dancing after falling victim to schizophrenia, which he suffered from for the rest of his life.



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (2)

### Sporting Around

**April 8-23** Minneapolis Lakers beat Syracuse Nationals four games to two for the first NBA championship . . . **April 11-23** NHL's Stanley Cup goes to Detroit Red Wings over New York Rangers . . . **April 19** Ham Kee Young, a 19-year-old South Korean, wins 54th Boston Marathon in 2 hours, 32 minutes, 39



seconds . . . **May 6** Middleground, ridden by Bill Boland, takes 76th Kentucky Derby in 2:01½, a fifth of a second off the record . . . **May 31** Johnny Parsons wins 345-mile Indianapolis 500 (shortened because of rain) at average speed of 124 m.p.h.

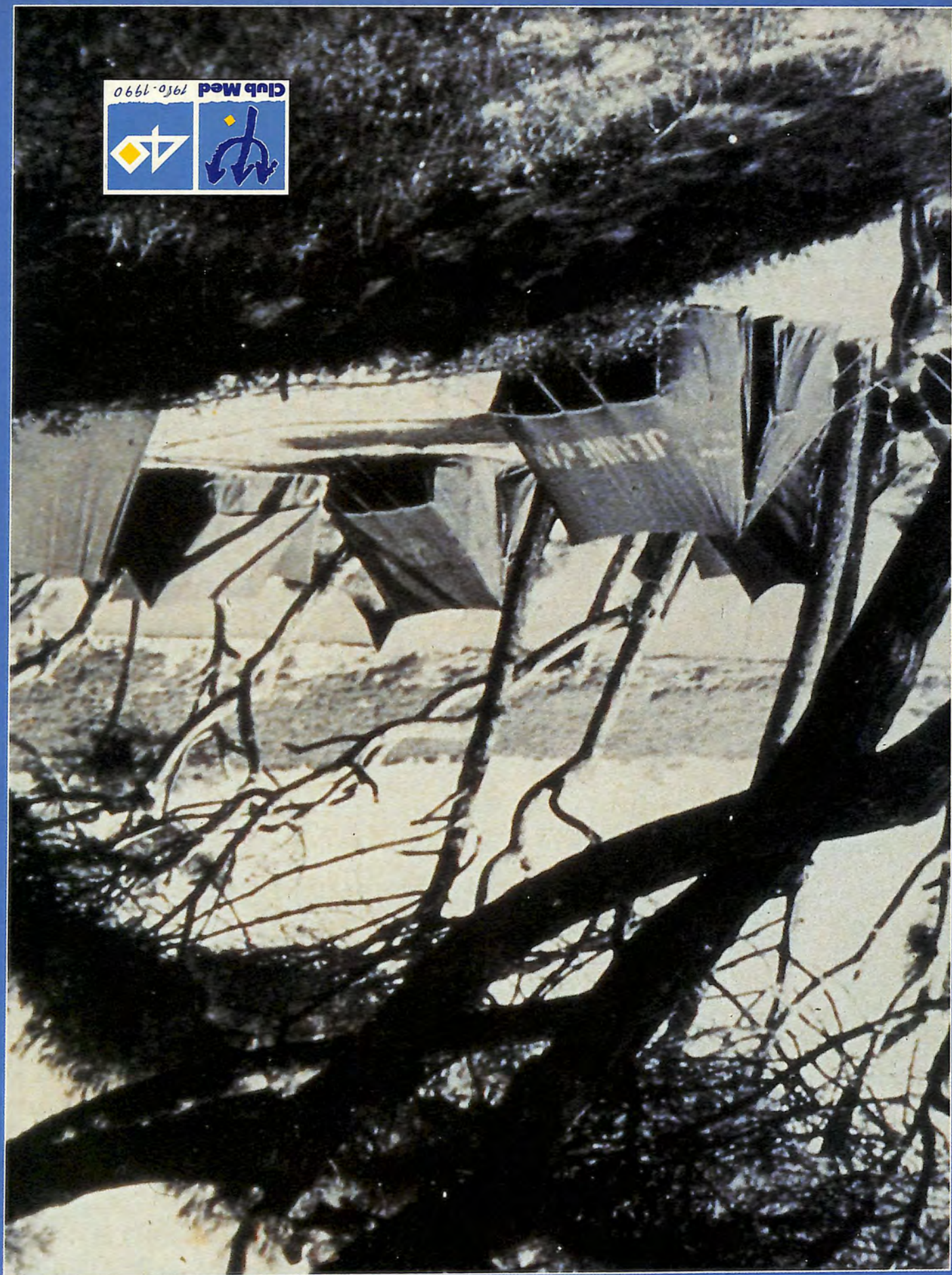
### Art Imitates Life

Three months after announcing her real-life engagement to Conrad (Nicky) Hilton, Elizabeth Taylor has on-screen nuptials as well. Spencer Tracy portrays the jittery *Father of the Bride*, "torn by jealousy, devotion, pride and righteous wrath," one reviewer writes . . . The Brooklyn Dodgers star who made baseball history as the first black in the major leagues portrays himself in *The Jackie Robinson Story* . . . Barbara Stanwyck impersonates the widow of a wealthy man to provide riches for her illegitimate child in *No Man of Her Own* . . . Genius "stuck with Frank Capra and rubbed off on Bing Crosby" in the making of *Riding High*.

### Chart-Toppers

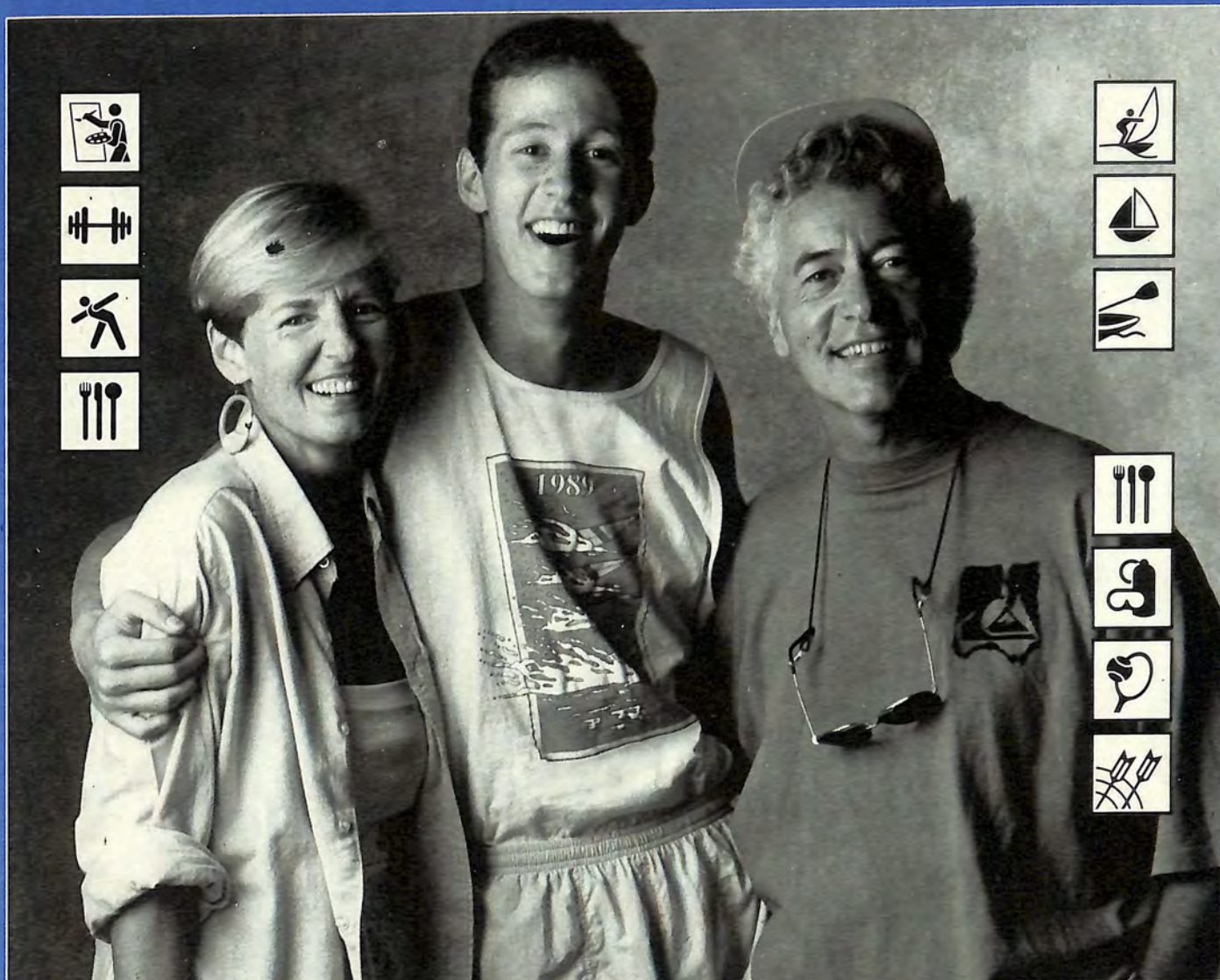
"Music! Music! Music!" by Teresa Brewer and "If I Knew You Were Coming I'd've Baked a Cake" by Eileen Barton.





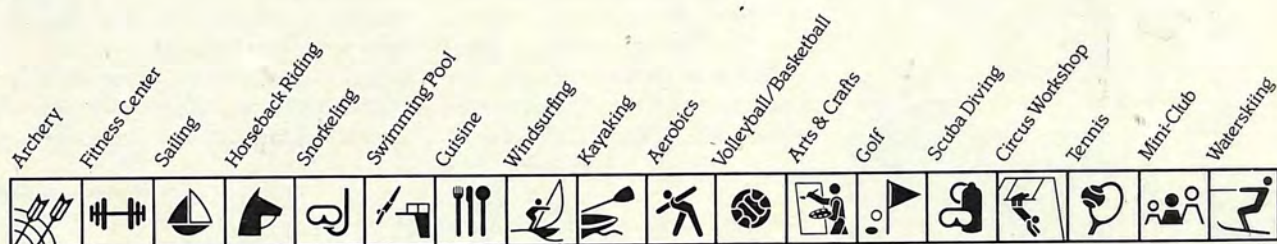
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*Brought to you live from New York on Saturday nights, the original comedy revue boasted a cast of casts and a legendary team of writers.*

# Hail Caesar!

**By David Zurawik  
and Christina Stoehr**

In March 1950, three weeks after the premiere of *Your Show of Shows* with Sid Caesar, the *New York Times* hailed "The Rise of Caesar." By fall, the newspaper was saying the show was "not to be missed." Indeed, *Shows* would become the third most popular program on television that year, with almost half the nation's sets tuned to NBC on Saturday nights at 9 o'clock. More important, the program virtually defined the universe of television comedy—a universe little changed today—working out in comic fashion the collective anxieties of a generation that, having made the world safe for democracy, now faced a battlefield of mortgages, children, corporate ladders, credit payments, the bomb and the cold war.

*They went From Here to Eternity in black socks and fishnet stockings?*

For the baby-boom generation that entered adulthood after World War II, *Shows* served much the same function as NBC's *Saturday Night Live* for the generation that followed. Like its spiritual descendant, *Shows* was a loose, freewheeling revue. Its peppy theme song, "Stars Over Broadway," played over a photo of Broadway after dark, was followed by a frenetic 90 minutes of live comedy sketches, pantomime and parody, interspersed with show tunes, ballet and classical music.

For many viewers, Sid Caesar was more than the star of the show. He was the show: Caesar in a buckskin cowboy outfit and 10-gallon hat, parodying Alan Ladd in *Shane*. Caesar in swimming trunks and black socks—soaking wet with Imogene Coca in a pile of sand on stage—in a parody of the steamy beach scene in *From Here to Eternity*. Caesar as the clown in a parody of *I, Pagliacci*, singing (in classic Caesar foreign-language babble-speak), after discovering his lover has been unfaithful, "*La gente prosciutto e rider e hitchikers proibito. Trammuto in lazzi lo spasmo. Oh, lo spasmo! In uno smofini la schnozzole.*" Caesar in a suit and tie, squirming under the gaze of an imperious headwaiter (Carl Reiner) as the awkward, upwardly mobile Charles Hickenlooper. Caesar with hair pasted down and a saxophone around his neck as hipster Progress Hornsby.

Perhaps the most enduring image of Caesar is that of "The Professor" in a squashed top hat, baggy

pants, oversized vest and ratty black coat with tails. (The outfit is now on display in the Smithsonian Institution.) In a typical Professor skit, a trench-coated Reiner would begin, "This is Carl Reiner, your roving reporter at La Guardia Airport, where we're awaiting a planeload of famous visitors." Inevitably, the famous visitor would be Caesar's self-inflated, know-nothing Professor.

*Reiner: Professor, what is the most revolutionary discovery you made in all your travels?*

*Caesar: I found an old civilization. It was a matriarchal society where the women were the important people—the men were nothing. The women were the rulers. They were the heads of government. They were in charge of everything.*

*Reiner: Where was this, doctor?*

*Caesar: In Cincinnati.*

Forget the punchline. The laughter came not from the dialogue but from some national wellspring. Reiner was the stereotypical American: straightforward, unpretentious, initially deferential to the "famous visitor." Caesar's professor represented European learning and superior-

**Continued on page 48**

DAVID ZURAWIK is the television critic for The Baltimore Sun. CHRISTINA STOEHR teaches writing and arts criticism at Southern Methodist University. Their book, *Television and the Electronic Unconscious*, will be published next year.





*Shows stars (clockwise from left) Sid Caesar, Carl Reiner, Howard Morris and Imogene Coca tweaked, harrangued and lightly mocked us all.*





# "Oh, the hell with modesty— o

By Bill Cometti

**Imogene Coca** says the comic chemistry between herself and Sid Caesar has always been a mystery to her. "We're not the least bit alike, but it's almost an ESP thing," she says. "It's like he anticipates what I'm going to do and I anticipate what he's going to do." That give-and-take helped make Caesar and Coca the most popular comedy duo on TV 40 years ago. When *Shows* ended in 1954, NBC gave Coca her own series, *The Imogene Coca Show*, which lasted but one season. She was briefly reunited with Caesar for 1958's *Sid Caesar Invites You*. Since then, she has had roles on the TV series *Grindl* (1963-1964) and *It's About Time* (1966-1967) and has made numerous guest

appearances. She was nominated for a 1977/78 Tony for her performance in the Broadway musical *On the 20th Century* and appeared in the films *Rabbit Test* (1978) and *National Lampoon's Vacation* (1983). Coca, 81, a widow, lives in New York.

Being the only female writer on *Shows* wasn't always easy for **Lucille Kallen**. "There was a lot of screaming and yelling and throwing of things," she says.

"Not on my part, though, because in my day you didn't do that if you were female . . . . It was not a gentle atmosphere. It couldn't be; there was too much raw ego around. I would sit in the room with Sid and the others and they would throw around the stuff that Mel Tolkin and I had worked on and they would sort of tear it apart. I would say to myself, 'Someday I'm going to write something that nobody else can touch.'" After *Shows*, she wrote for *The Imogene Coca Show* and, after its demise, for *The Bell Telephone Hour* before turning to fiction. Her first novel, *Gentlemen Prefer Slaves*, was published in 1964, to be followed by five mysteries featuring detective C. B. Greenfield. Kallen lives in Westchester County, N.Y., with Herb, her husband of 37 years.

After playing the straight man on *Shows*, **Carl Reiner** went on to create and produce *The Dick Van Dyke Show* and to direct several zany films with Steve Martin, including *The Jerk* (1979) and *All of Me* (1984). His most recent film was 1988's *Bert*

*Rigby, You're a Fool*. Reiner believes that what made *Shows* different was the mixture of high and low humor. "Sid Caesar had writers who were highly intelligent in many aspects," he says. "They were psychologically oriented so that their work had a profundity that

was not apparent because they were clowns at work." Reiner, 68, lives in California with wife Estelle. One of his three children, Rob, has followed in his father's footsteps, going from TV acting (*All in the Family*) to directing films, among them *This Is Spinal Tap* (1984) and *When Harry Met Sally* (1989).

"Creatively, I'm not sure I've done anything since that matches it," says **Howard Morris**, Caesar's

diminutive, frenetic sidekick on *Shows*. Morris hooked up with Caesar in 1950 after learning that someone was looking for an actor he could lift by the lapels. After Caesar handily hoisted the 106-pound Morris into the air, he said to producer Max Liebman, "Him, get him!" Morris, who had been working in theater, faced a big adjustment. "TV was a whole new field. Nothing in the history of entertainment matched the massiveness of TV." Hired for a single skit, Morris stayed for the full runs of *Shows* and *Caesar's Hour* and later directed episodes of such TV shows as *Hogan's Heroes* and *Get Smart*. These days, Morris, who doesn't reveal his age, takes occasional TV roles. He appeared in the Mel Brooks films *High Anxiety* (1977) and *History of the World—Part I* (1981) and in 1984's *Splash*.

"He was the father of us all," Carl Reiner has said of **Mel Tolkin**, the Russian immigrant who was the head writer for *Your Show of Shows* and *Caesar's Hour*, and a man Mel Brooks once described as looking like "a Jewish Abe Lincoln." Tolkin was working with Lucille Kallen at a resort in the Pocono Mountains when Max Liebman hired both writers for *The Admiral Broadway Revue* and later for *Shows*. "It's hard to say what our influence was while holding on to some shred of modesty," says Tolkin. "Oh, the hell with modesty—our influence was enormous! It is almost easier to say who has *not* been affected." After *Shows*, Tolkin wrote for Bob Hope and was a story editor on *All in the Family*. Today, at 77, he teaches comedy writing at U.C.L.A. and has been asked to

do the same in the Soviet Union. Tolkin lives in Los Angeles with his wife Edith. They have two children and three grandchildren.



MARRI L. JOHNSON



GAIL HARVEY/OUTLINE PRESS



Clowns at work: Reiner, Caesar and Morris cut a rug.

Producer Max Liebman (in bow tie) with Lucille Kallen and other behind-the-scenes co-conspirators.



SUZANNE DALLMAN



# ur influence was enormous!"

**Joe Stein**, author of *Fiddler on the Roof* (1964), thinks his two seasons writing for *Shows* were a key to his success. "It was probably the best school for writers that existed at the time," he says. "We were very eager to break away from the run-of-the-mill comedy that was on radio and TV. Sid had a kind of radar for truth and reality in humor. When you work in that environment, it gets into your pores." Stein wrote *Plain and Fancy* (1955), *Zorba* (1968), *The Baker's Wife* (1983) and the screenplay for Carl Reiner's *Enter Laughing*. He lives in New York with his wife, Elisa. He has three children, two by his previous marriage.



In 1953 **Neil** and **Danny Simon** were working as writers at a Pennsylvania resort, Camp Tamiment. Producer Max Liebman liked one of the brothers' skits so much that he hired them for *Shows*. "It was the biggest thrill in the world for Neil and me at that time," says Danny Simon. "That was the greatest show in the world . . . and they asked us!" The brothers wrote for *Shows* until it went off the air and continued their nine-year writing partnership until 1956, when Neil left to pursue playwriting. Today Danny Simon teaches comedy acting and writing in Sherman Oaks, Calif., emphasizing the lessons he learned from *Shows*. "Make people laugh because of the emotions in a scene, rather than at jokes in a scene," he tells

his students.

Neil Simon once said of his tenure with Sid Caesar, "Our writing meetings were often violent and incredibly childish. It was terrific fun. We were all very young and realized that we were television's elite." He went on to become the most successful playwright in Broadway history, the author of hits like *The Odd Couple* (1965), *The Prisoner of Second Avenue* (1971) and *Brighton Beach Memoirs* (1986). He adapted a number of his plays for the screen and wrote original screenplays for *The Out-of-Towners* (1970) and *The Goodbye Girl* (1977). His most recent Broadway play is *Rumors*.

"When you have someone who can perform the material like Sid, it makes you look good as a writer," says **Larry Gelbart**, who wrote for the final two seasons of *Caesar's Hour*. Gelbart was already an established comedy writer when he went to work for Caesar in 1955, having written for Bob Hope and for radio's *Duffy's*



MARTHA SVOPE

*Tavern*. But Caesar gave him greater license. "If you worked for a Jackie Gleason or a Red Skelton you were writing for a limited number of characters,"

he explains. "With Sid there was no limit . . . We had a much bigger palette to work with." Gelbart developed *M\*A\*S\*H* for television in 1972 (and served as co-producer and writer). He also wrote, or co-wrote, the screenplays for the films *Not With My Wife You Don't!* (1966), *Oh, God!* (1977) and *Tootsie* (1982). Most recently, Gelbart, 68, wrote the play *Mastergate*, a political satire, and the book for the Broadway musical comedy *City of Angels*. He and his wife of 33 years, Pat, make their home in Los Angeles. They have five children.



Writers Mel Brooks, Woody Allen and Mel Tolkin (from left) pitched gags to Sid.

PHOTOFEST



F. DUHAMEL/SYGMA

**Mel Brooks** was, by most accounts, the most outrageous of the writers on *Shows*. Brooks admits he was rather high-strung in those days, so much so that producer Max Liebman used to hurl lit cigars at him to keep him in place. "I was aggressive. I was a terrier, a pit bull terrier," he once said. "I was unstoppable. I would keep going until my sketch was in the show." After *Shows* and *Caesar's Hour*, Brooks turned his energies toward a series of classic comedy records with Carl Reiner about a 2,000-year-old man, and with Buck Henry he created the television spy spoof *Get Smart*. Brooks then began writing and directing feature films, starting with *The Producers* (1968). "The Producers took me two years to write," he once said. "For *Show of Shows* I had four days at most. It's nicer to have two years." Brooks, 64, has directed eight films to date, including *Blazing Saddles* (1974), *Young Frankenstein* (1974), *High Anxiety* (1977) and *Spaceballs* (1987). He and his wife, the

actress Anne Bancroft, make their home in California. Brooks's latest project is a movie called *Life Stinks*.

Academy Award-winning director **Woody Allen** was only 21 when he started writing for *Caesar's Hour* in 1957. Mel Brooks once said of him, "I can't say I knew there was all this talent, but there was this very bright and very aware young man, and I was one of his champions." Although Allen has said he always watched Caesar's *Shows*, the manic pace writers had to maintain on *Caesar's Hour* took him by surprise. "I was much less extroverted than they were," he told *Newsweek* in 1978, "and the emotional adjustment was very hard for me. The atmosphere was one in which guys were shouting over one another, fighting to get their lines heard." Allen left television soon after *Hour* and turned to performing as a stand-up comic before becoming a film actor and director. Among his acting/directing credits are *Sleeper* (1973); *Annie Hall* (1977), which won Best Director and Best Picture Oscars; *Hannah and Her Sisters* (1986), and *Crimes and Misdemeanors* (1989). Allen, 55, lives in New York City.



Neil (left) and Danny Simon

PETER C. BORSARI



Continued from page 44

ity until unmasked by his absurd replies to Reiner's questions.

"We spoke to the people," says Caesar today. "You know? We did things that the audience went through. We were beginning to see psychiatrists and we were buying our first homes, our first furniture and toys for the kids. Which is what America was going through at the time."

The Hickenloopers—the couple played by Caesar and co-star Imogene Coca—seemed to capture the intimacy as well as the tension, anger and occasional melancholy of men and women facing the realities of marriage in the burgeoning suburbs after the war. Husband Charles was un-

comfortable with affluence; wife Doris couldn't get enough. Relentlessly she pushed him up the ladder of success, hiring intimidating maids, taking in a border in a vain attempt to convince her husband they could afford a summer home.

"We were the first show to do situation comedy in sketch form," says Reiner, now 68. "We used to investigate our own lives. All the performers were from the lower class who had made enough money to become middle-class. And we were all commenting on our new-found middle-classity."

Before the Hickenloopers, he adds, "revue comedy hadn't bothered much with the idea of doing a domestic sketch. From this, *The Honeymooners* and a few

others developed in sketch form. We did middle class. They did lower class. But the idea of doing situation-comedy, home-life sketches in a revue format was developed on *Shows*."

In addition to slapstick, the show offered some fairly ambitious cultural entertainment. "The musical numbers were really quite wonderful," recalls Imogene Coca, 81. "They were [producer Max] Liebman's passion. We had wonderful singers and dancers and a marvelous choreographer. We had Margot Fonteyn doing the death of a swan, Gertrude Lawrence singing. [Tenor] Robert Merrill was on the show a lot. [Soprano] Marguerite Piazza was on every week."

"We were snobs," says head writer

## Modern Furniture By Mel Tolkin and Lucille Kallen

SCENE: Caesar plays husband Charles Hickenlooper. Wife Doris is played by Imogene Coca. Living room. Very modern. Weird-shaped chairs and tables. One large, modern painting. Sid enters, happy as a lark.

CAESAR: Hello, dear! I'm back from Pittsburgh. Doris! I'm home! I'm ho . . . . (He suddenly notices the furniture and continues) I'm not home! This isn't my home! It couldn't be my home! It better not be my home!

COCA: (Entering) Charles, is that you screaming . . . .

CAESAR: Doris, what's happening here?

COCA: This is my little surprise. While you were away, I had the place redecorated. Isn't it lovely?

CAESAR: You did this of your own free will? You brought all this *junk* into the house?

COCA: This is not junk! This happens to be the latest vogue in interior decorating. It's *moderne*. It's *civilized*.

CAESAR: It's *terrible*!

COCA: Look, this may come as a shock to you, but we happen to be living in the 20th century.

CAESAR: Don't try to kid me. This is 1952. *Nine-teen*! This is the 19th century! (Starts to bang on table) And I'm not gonna have any 20th-century junk cluttering up my house!

COCA: Charles! Don't bang on the table! It's made of glass!

CAESAR: A glass table? You can cut yourself! One meal and you bleed to death! What do you need a glass table for?



THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

COCA: It's very practical. It's very easy to keep clean. Let me explain. You can live in every part of this room. Each area serves a purpose. This is the reading area, this is the smoking area, this is the eating and drinking area, and this is the conversation area.

CAESAR: Well come on over to the conversation area, I've got something to tell you. Throw it out!

COCA: Charles, give it a chance! Learn how to live gracefully!

CAESAR: Come on, let's get out of here. (Points to painting) What's that?

COCA: That's a still life.

CAESAR: It's moving. Who can relax in this place?

COCA: Sit down right here. This is the reading area. (Points to a canvas chair with wires) You see, it's scientifically designed for the ultimate in reading comfort.

CAESAR: How do you get into it? (He

contorts himself and finally sits down. The light shines right in his eyes.) What's this?

COCA: That's the reading light.

CAESAR: Oh sure. I can read it very clearly. 100 watts . . . 120 volts . . . sure. (He slaps the arm of a chair. Music starts to play) What's that! What happened?

COCA: That's a radio. You accidentally pressed the button. You see how convenient it is? Fingertip control. You don't even have to move. (She presses button, music stops)

CAESAR: But where is it?

COCA: It's *concealed*! That's the whole secret of modern design. Everything is built in, so that you don't have a million things cluttering up the room. It's simple and sleek.

CAESAR: This is a crazy house! I'm *not* living in this house!

COCA: Go! Open the door and leave!

CAESAR: Don't worry! I'm going! You don't care about me! You'd rather have your crazy chairs than me! I hope you'll be very happy! You and your gooseneck lamps!

COCA: Stop yelling.

CAESAR: I never saw anything like it! Eating areas and reading areas. Concealed weapons. You mustn't smoke here! You mustn't walk there! You can't sit anywhere. (Knocks over screen revealing old chair) My chair.

COCA: You see, I didn't forget about you after all.

CAESAR: You remembered me. That's better. (Pulls her onto his lap) Come here.



# The Man Who Moved the Music Stand

By John Buskin

**I**n comedy," says Sid Caesar, "you're allowed to feel happy about pain. A pain-take is funny, but you need to carry it to screaming or down to nothing, to that point where screaming won't help. You just sit there." For Caesar, 67, the swing from screaming to complete silence is more than a comedic strategy, it's a way of life.

He is sitting on the living room sofa of a sunny and spacious Manhattan hotel suite. The room is ornate, like an expensive hotel suite anywhere in the world, except for one odd, personal touch. Stretched across the doorway leading to the bedroom is a gleaming, portable chinning bar. It is a symbol of the discipline Caesar needed after his battle against the twin demons of alcohol and pills. The battle was the crux of his 1982 autobiography, *Where Have I Been?* Today, he looks slither than in the uproarious, broad skits of 40 years ago. Though he's no less animated, his movements are more compact, more artful. With dark hair combed straight back, graceful posture and quiet, studied responses, he looks more virtuoso illusionist than Rabelaisian clown.

"The first time I ever got a laugh in public," he recalls with a trace of a smile, "I was in Hawthorne Junior High in Yonkers, N.Y., and I was playing a saxophone solo, with a music stand. I asked my parents to come and watch me. So I started to play, but with the spotlight, I couldn't read the music. I moved the music stand over here and the spotlight comes with me, and I couldn't see, so I walked back. The people started to laugh and I thought, 'Hey, that's easy.'"

During Caesar's Depression-era boyhood he worked with his two older brothers in a succession of diners owned by his father. There he heard the rhythms and sounds of various immigrant tongues. This led to his mastery of the fine art of foreign-language gibberish. "It's funny because I let *you* make it up," Caesar explains. "I can be bombastic, sorrowful, I can do misery. But *you* make up the words you want to hear. I can steer you this way, I can steer you that way. But you



BONNIE SCHIFFMAN/ONYX

make up the joke."

The young saxophone player began working summers at Catskill resorts and gradually moved into standup comedy and nightclub engagements. In 1949 he hosted an early TV variety show, Max Liebman's *Admiral Broadway Revue*. The hour-long weekly program used sketches and storytelling instead of formal jokes and punchlines. "I learned to do the things that other people wouldn't do—take a whitewall tire or a penny gum machine and make a story out of it. The humor doesn't always have to be yock, yock." The pace and pressure of developing lots of material quickly gave birth to a loose, intimate comic style that TV has run with ever since.

After 19 weeks *Admiral*, a TV manufacturer, ended its sponsorship; NBC came to the rescue and *Your Show of Shows* was born. Caesar performed his movie parodies, foreign gibberish, pantomimes, skits, monologues and portfolio of characters in one form or another

through most of the 1950's. "We didn't think about topical humor," he says. "And when we did a movie satire, we had to make sure we didn't go too near the story, because Hollywood was suing all over the place. Jack Benny lost a suit over *Gaslight*. Benny had done it word for word. They do that today—take the whole thing—but then you couldn't."

In those days, when Caesar was beefy and threatening, he had a reputation for yanking sinks out of walls at the slightest provocation. Now he uses anger as a tool. "It's one of the biggest things in comedy," he explains. "We like to see somebody else angry. It's like slipping on a banana peel. It's the oldest thing in the world but it still works. Why? Because it's not happening to *you*." Of his own comedic skill he says, "It just happened. I didn't go to school to learn it. My teachers were Chaplin, Fields, Laurel and Hardy, Buster Keaton. But you can't teach comedy. It just happens."

JOHN BUSKIN currently creates Electronic Tonic, the humor section of *PRODIGY*, a national computer-information service.



Mel Tolkin, 76. "We didn't admit it at the time, but we were." Some of the "class" acts included Rex Harrison, Marge and Gower Champion, and violinist Mischa Elman (whose performance was interrupted by a Mott's apple juice commercial when it ran too long). It all played live before five cameras and an audience in a New York theater and was broadcast directly over the airwaves without editing.

But the real work was carried out in a small room—originally, the writers met in a locker room for male dancers—where the shows were written in a kind of communal orgy of creativity. "When we started, we were all babes in the woods," Tolkin says. "Few of us even owned a television set. We had to invent the rules as we went. Thirty-nine shows a year, each show 90 minutes long . . . We were too dumb to know that it was an impossible task."

The other writers included Mel Brooks, Lucille Kallen, Tony Webster, Joe Stein and Danny Simon. Danny's brother, Neil Simon, joined *Shows* in its last season and later wrote for *Caesar's Hour*, the successor to *Shows*. (Contrary to popular belief, Woody Allen and Larry Gelbart wrote only for *Caesar's Hour*.)

"What was it like, writing in the same room with these soon-to-be giants?" asks Tolkin. "The creative level, the speed with which it materialized was awesome. Scary is what it was. To keep up you had to draw on everything in your experience, every book you read, every play and movie you ever saw." Tolkin says a kind of creative anger permeated the room. "The floor was covered with hundreds of crushed, discarded pages. Sid punched the wall so much it bent. You'd drink from a paper cup from the water cooler and the cups—with water still in them—would be squeezed and thrown around. We threw pencils up so that they stuck in the ceiling. I once counted 41 of them. The group in that famous room was like one big family—fighting, scratching, competing, loving. And don't forget, we were asked not only to be good, but to be brilliant."

In 1951, Caesar won a best-actor Emmy for *Shows*, and the program won Emmys as best variety show in 1951 and 1952. But the frenetic schedule began taking its toll on the principals, the ratings started to slide, and after four seasons NBC canceled *Shows*. In some ways, *Shows* fell victim to Max Liebman's lofty aspirations for the program. As TV sets became more widely available (and affordable), the new audience was less interested in a variety

show that included appearances by classical musicians and parodies of foreign art films. After *Shows* was canceled, Liebman (who died in 1981) was freed up to produce his beloved musical specials, and Imogene Coca and Caesar were each given their own variety programs.

The format of Caesar's new show, *Caesar's Hour*, varied each week. Some nights it would be an entire hour of musical variety; another night, situation comedy or a series of sketches. Caesar's comic imagination was the moving force behind the show. In 1956 Caesar won an Emmy for his work on *Hour* and the program was named best one-hour series. It was canceled in 1957 after losing a ratings race to *The Lawrence Welk Show*.

After *Hour* left the air, Caesar continued his career in films (*It's a Mad Mad Mad Mad World*; *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*; *Grease*) and on Broadway, starring in *Little Me* (1962) and *Four on a Garden* (1971). In 1978, he checked himself into a hospital for alcoholism, an experience he described in his 1982 autobiography, *Where Have I Been?*, which became a best seller.

Most recently, his show, *Does Anybody Know What I'm Talking About?*, ran for 10 weeks Off Broadway last summer before moving to Broadway, where it closed after only 11 performances. Caesar returned to the Beverly Hills home he shares with his wife of 46 years, Florence. The Caesars have three grown children.

Since the 1955 demise of *The Imogene Coca Show*, Coca has continued to make occasional appearances on the small and large screens. Her most recent guest spot, on a 1988 episode of *Moonlighting*, earned her an Emmy nomination. She occasionally appears with Sid Caesar in Las Vegas and elsewhere.

A 1973 compilation of highlights from *Shows*, called *Ten From Your Show of Shows*, can still be seen from time to time in airings on public television and is available in video stores. Recently Caesar completed the editing of 65 half-hour installments of *Shows*, called *The Best of Your Show of Shows*. The programs are currently syndicated in 30 markets nationwide.

"Time has a way of coloring things," says Caesar. "I saw pieces I hadn't seen for 20 or 30 years. Some that I thought were fantastic turned out to be just so-so. And some that I thought were just so-so turned out to be fantastic. Surely *Shows* caught a part of the people who were taking their place in American life. All of this was wonderful. It was like Christmas." ■

## DIRECT DESCENDANTS

Caesar's salad days continue to shape television and motion picture comedy.

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# APRIL AND MAY 1960 30 YEARS AGO

## CARRYING OUT ORDERS

**May 11** Former Nazi Adolf Eichmann, a lieutenant colonel in the Gestapo, is captured in Argentina by undercover Israeli agents. Eichmann is believed to have had responsibility for the deaths of the six million Jews killed in the Holocaust.



**Update** Eichmann was taken to Israel to stand trial. In December 1961 he was convicted of various war crimes and sentenced to death. The unrepentant former Nazi was hanged in May 1962.

## EYES IN THE SKY

**April 1** Tiros I, the world's first TV-equipped Earth satellite, is launched from Cape Canaveral. The 270-pound vehicle carries two cameras to track developing weather patterns.

**April 13** Scientists and sailors alike are hailing this morning's successful launch of the 265-pound Transit I-B satellite. The *New York Times* said the new space lighthouse is "expected to revolutionize the art of navigation."

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

## KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES

**May 6** Princess Margaret, younger sister of England's Queen Elizabeth, today married Antony Armstrong-Jones in a majestic Westminster Abbey ceremony. Film of the wedding was flown to America by Royal Air Force bombers for broadcast on the TV networks.

**Update** Shortly after the marriage, the Queen bestowed a title on the groom, a photographer by profession,

naming him the Earl of Snowdon. The couple had two children, Viscount Linley and Lady Sarah, before their union ended in divorce in 1978. In 1985 Margaret—a lifelong heavy smoker—experienced a lung-cancer scare (a biopsy came back negative). Her current companion is Norman Lonsdale, a divorced publisher nine years her junior. Armstrong-Jones remarried in late 1978.

## PLAY MONEY



**May 19** New York disc jockey Alan Freed, the man who gave rock-and-roll its name and helped popularize the music of black artists among white audiences, is arrested today with seven others. All are accused of accepting bribes from record companies in return for airing their songs. The arrests are the first in the widening payola scandal.

**Update** Freed eventually pleaded guilty to the charges and received a suspended sentence. His career was finished, however, and he died a broken man in January 1965 at age 43.

## Miscellaneous

**April 9** South African Prime Minister Hendrik Verwoerd is seriously wounded in assassination attempt by a wealthy white farmer opposed to apartheid . . . **April 17** U.S. chess champ Bobby Fischer, 17, ties Russian Boris Spassky for first place in international competition . . . **April 24** Race riots occur in Biloxi, Miss., when blacks seek to swim at whites-only beaches on Gulf of Mexico . . . **April 27** Syngman Rhee, 85, South Korea's first president, resigns following protests against his regime . . . **May 9** Contraceptive pill, Enovid, is first to be approved by Food and Drug Administration.

## Music, Music, Music

Frank Sinatra welcomes singer Elvis Presley, newly released from Army, to join him in duet on his TV special . . . Bobby Rydell's "Wild One" tops pop charts . . . *Bye Bye Birdie*, first rock-and-roll musical, opens on Broadway to rave reviews. A send-up of Elvis worship, the show



PHOTOFEST

stars Chita Rivera, Dick Van Dyke, Paul Lynde and newcomer Dick Gautier as Conrad Birdie.

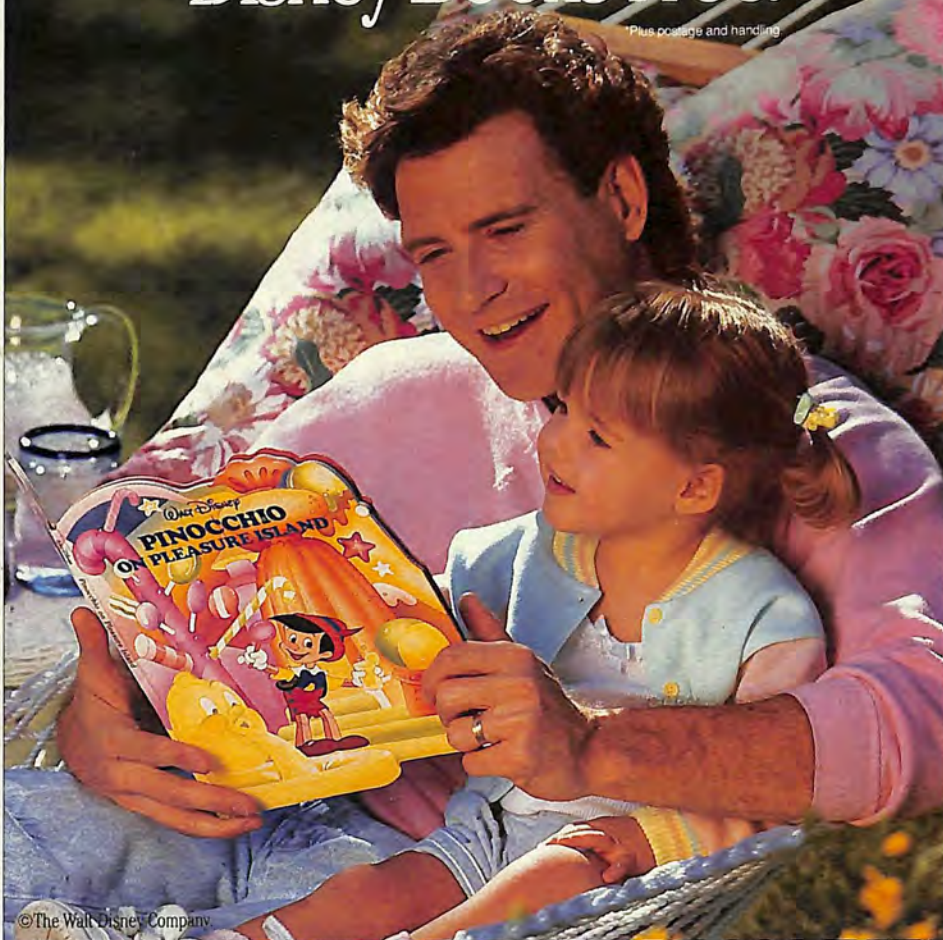
## Good Sports

**April 9** Boston defeats St. Louis in NBA finals . . . **April 10** Arnold Palmer wins Masters tournament in Augusta, Ga., for \$17,500 prize . . . **April 14** Montreal Canadiens set NHL record by winning Stanley Cup for fifth consecutive year . . . **May 1** Tennis champion Pancho Gonzalez retires from competition.



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(Please Print)

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30 YEARS AGO:  
JFK TAKES TO THE HUSTINGS

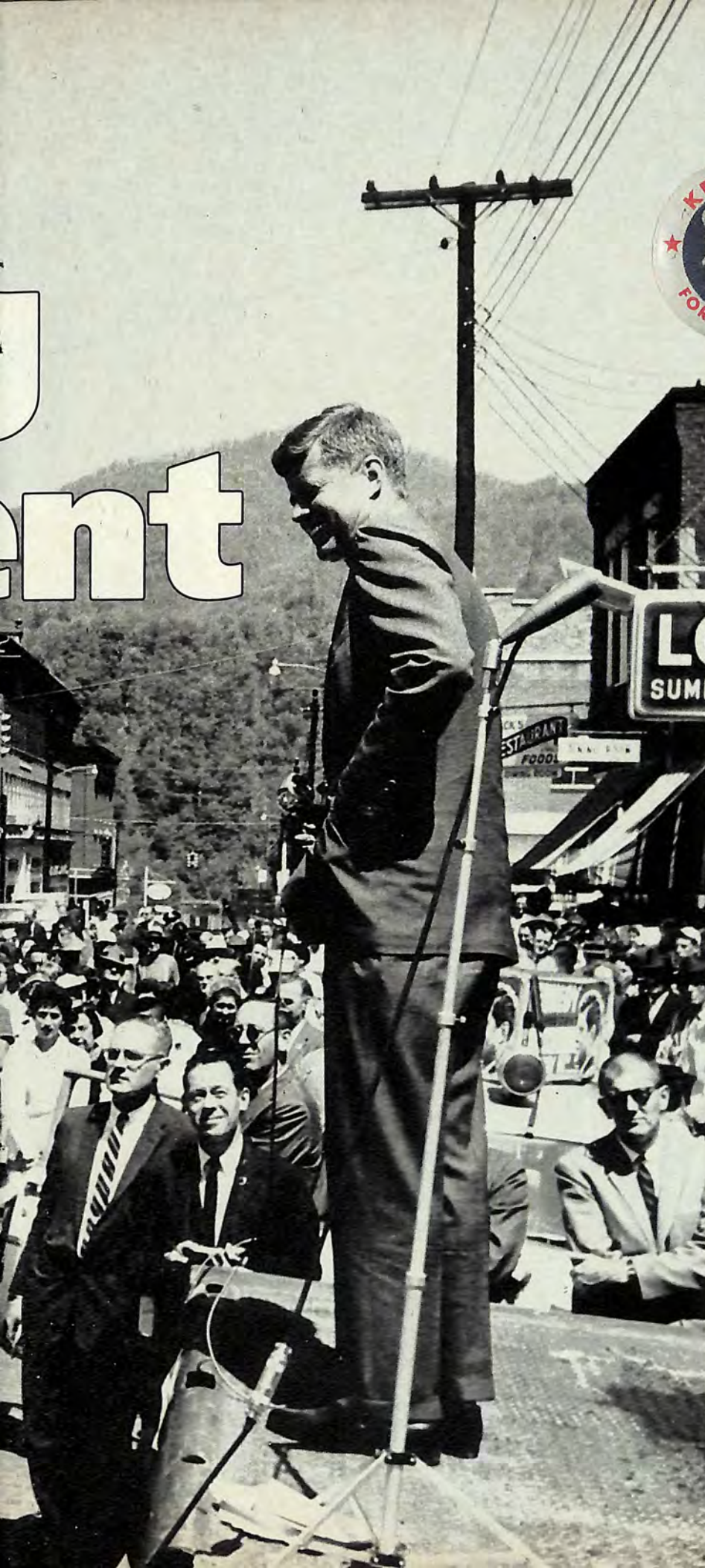
*Could a little-known Catholic capture the Democratic nomination? Two key state primaries would tell the tale.*

# The Making of a President

By William A. Henry III







A GENERATION AFTER HE DIED, POLITICIANS of both parties in his homeland still invoke his name as a talisman. Far off, in South American fishing villages and mud-and-straw huddles in Africa, one can see his photograph on shanty walls.

His memory confers glamour and attention on any relative who bears his surname and has propelled two brothers, a niece and a nephew into quests for Federal office. Even without the memorial in Arlington National Cemetery, his flame would seem eternal.

As is so often the case with heroes, his life drew its meaning as much from what people projected upon it as from what it actually embraced. To be sure, his interrupted term left legacies, from the space program and the Peace Corps to the Bay of Pigs, the Cuban missile crisis and a commitment to Vietnam. But the real impact of John Fitzgerald Kennedy was that he inspired people to believe in him, to get excited about him, to see in him the personification of their own hopes and dreams. And they still do. Like the two Roosevelts before him and Reagan after him, Kennedy transcended politics to enter the realm of folklore.

Less remarked upon, but just as important, he profoundly changed the nature of the American electoral process. Like William Paley with radio and television or Henry Ford with the motor car, Kennedy did not so much invent the participatory primary as transform it.

Kennedy achieved his historic feat in the spring of 1960 by taking seriously a widely undervalued process that had been in place for more than half a century but had never won a man the White House. He ran the risks of religious and ethnic prejudice and defied the collective wisdom and explicit will of almost all his party's king-makers by making the primaries the measure of his claim. He argued that the proper test of a candidate for the nation's highest office was neither the esteem of his colleagues nor the consent of his party's elders but the acquiescence of the common people, however casual their party ties.

Kennedy was not by nature a reformer, and the reforms he effected began simply as an effort to

WILLIAM A. HENRY III, a senior writer at Time, won the 1980 Pulitzer Prize for criticism for his television writing at the Boston Globe. He has covered every Presidential campaign since 1968.



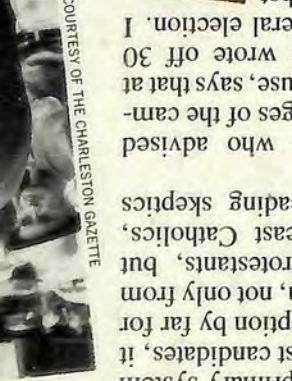
win himself the nomination. Says histori-  
an Arthur Schlesinger, a White House ad-  
viser and Kennedy biographer, "He  
wasn't trying to redesign the American  
political system. He lived from day to  
day." But Kennedy's strategy, devised to  
solve specific problems and counter spe-  
cific foes, had far more lasting impact than  
he envisioned. It helped turn Presidential  
nominating conventions into ratifying,  
rubber-stamp bodies rather than delibera-  
tive ones. It eroded the power of political  
parties, leaving the bosses with almost no  
action to television journalists and adver-

Kennedy's quest for the White House  
began, as such undertakings so often do,  
in the middle of the previous campaign.  
After Adlai Stevenson won a second Pres-  
idential nomination from his fellow Dem-  
ocrats in 1956, the new nominee threw the  
choice of his running mate open to dele-  
gates at the convention. Senator Estes Ke-  
fauver, who had won several primaries,  
was, finally selected, beating out Kennedy  
and a third senator,  
Hubert Humphrey.  
From that experi-  
ence, Kennedy  
took away two les-  
sons: first, that the  
primaries had  
helped validate

Kefauver; second, that he himself had a  
real shot at the top prize four years hence.  
Yet as he entered 1960, Kennedy faced  
major hurdles. First, he was a Northern-  
er—indeed a New Englander—in a nation  
increasingly weighted toward the south  
and west. More important, he was a Ro-  
man Catholic, the first to be a serious  
Presidential contender since New York  
Governor Al Smith suffered a thumping  
defeat in 1928. To win his party's nomina-  
tion Kennedy would have to convince fel-  
low Democrats that he could secure votes  
from non-Catholics, and the only way he  
could see to prove that was by winning  
primaries in largely non-Catholic states.  
Though primaries dated to 1903 and  
nearly every state had experimented with  
them at some point, only 16 of the 50  
states had primaries in place in 1960, and  
few of those were rich in delegates. Some  
were not even binding, just advisory exer-  
cises that party bosses could ignore. Ken-  
nedy could not even come close to win-  
ning the nomination simply by amassing  
delegates in primaries; winning every pri-  
mary he entered gave him barely one-sixth  
of the number he needed. The tactic was  
primarily psychological, a means of le-  
gitimizing a suspect outsider.  
Front-runners, having little to gain  
from primaries and everything to lose,  
tended to avoid them. In theory, primary  
victories could coax or terrorize recalcit-

trant bosses in non-primary states into  
jumping aboard a bandwagon. In practice,  
party leaders rarely allowed themselves to  
be stampeded. Yet if the primary system  
was still Kennedy's best option by far for  
overcoming the opposition, not only from  
Southern conservative Protestants, but  
also from fellow Northeast Catholics, who  
were among the leading skeptics  
about his electability.  
Pollster Louis Harris, who advised  
Kennedy from the first stages of the cam-  
paign on into the White House, says that at  
the outset JFK "literally wrote off 30  
states in terms of the general election. I

would be bothered by the  
of the electorate saying they  
took polls, and anywhere that  
we found 40 percent or more



COURTESY OF THE CHARLESTON GAZETTE

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

COURTESY OF THE CHARLESTON GAZETTE





Kennedy beat the odds in Wisconsin and West Virginia to defeat the liberal Hubert Humphrey (above).

idea of a Roman Catholic in the White House, Kennedy just assumed that it would be impossible for him to win."

According to speechwriter and campaign strategist Ted Sorensen, "It was clear in Kennedy's mind that this was an uphill battle, but he wanted to make the fight. There was never any doubt for him that a brokered process, the smoke-filled room, would never yield the nomination of a Catholic—nor, in his view, the nomination of a 43-year-old who was not in the inner circle of his party and the Senate."

To carry out his strategy, Kennedy needed two things: unfriendly-looking turf, where a victory would impress party elders and the press, and a human foil against whom he could display his vote-getting talents. He found the turf—by design according to Sorensen, or by happenstance according to Harris—in Wisconsin and, especially, in West Virginia. He found the foil in the person of that virtuous but loquacious man, Minnesota Senator Hubert Horatio Humphrey. Of all Kennedy's potential rivals—including Lyndon Johnson, Adlai Stevenson and Stuart Symington—only Humphrey saw any value in entering primaries. The other

candidates built their strategies either on the idea of acceptability to party elders or on suitability as a compromise in case of a deadlock. Humphrey braved the primaries because he, too, had to debunk a presumption that his appeal was too narrow.

If Kennedy's liability was religion, Humphrey's was ideology. He was deemed too liberal for Eisenhower-era Americans, particularly on matters of race. Indeed, Humphrey first came to prominence in 1948 when, as Mayor of Minneapolis, he led the fight to include a strong civil rights plank in the Democratic party platform. Many conservatives never forgave him. The chief burden of Humphrey's liberalism was an expectation that he would be a free spender and, hence, a heavy taxer.

To be sure, Humphrey was loved by some key players in the party, including unions, and was thought to have a good chance of luring back into the flock such erstwhile New Deal elements as farmers and small-business owners. He was also one of the ablest men of his time, if not always the most self-controlled. Humphrey could expound on any imaginable topic and was in fact likely to do so—regardless of the actual question posed to him. "Some men drink. Some philander. I talk," he later admitted. Thus, to Kennedy, Humphrey was vulnerable enough to be beaten and substantial enough for the victory to count for something.

Having identified Humphrey as his jousting partner, Kennedy wanted to meet

him on the proper terrain, one where conditions were favorable, but not too favorable. Humphrey never considered entering the New Hampshire primary, reckoning that the chances were remote for defeating the Massachusetts senator on his doorstep. Thus the first head-to-head clash between Kennedy and Humphrey would come in Wisconsin, where outwardly, the odds favored Humphrey, because the state bordered his own. If Humphrey was exportable anywhere beyond Minnesota, Wisconsin—and its April 5 primary—seemed the likeliest place.

Kennedy risked Wisconsin because he was daring by nature, and because beneath its unpromising surface he perceived reasons for hope. His apparent line of reasoning (some advisers, in hindsight, dispute some of the details) was laid out in Theodore White's *The Making of the President 1960*, an insider view that transformed political reporting. According to White, who interviewed Kennedy extensively, the candidate recognized that the electorate in a primary is fundamentally different from the populace as a whole and knew that in Wisconsin the Democratic party included a consequential percentage of Catholics. Not that he would appeal to them as Catholics. "He thought that was a belittling way to go," Sorensen insists, "and he regarded the whole matter of religion as a no-win issue for him."

A second factor was the continuing high regard—among conservative Wisconsin Democrats almost as much as Republicans—for the late, red-baiting Senator Joseph McCarthy, who represented the state until his death in 1957. While Kennedy could scarcely be labeled a McCarthyite—as he was at pains to point out—his



father, Joseph Kennedy, had been a friend of McCarthy's, and his campaign-manager brother, Robert Kennedy, had worked for McCarthy on Capitol Hill.

A third advantage for Kennedy was the concentration of Democratic votes in urban areas, especially Milwaukee, whose yeasty ethnic character was more akin to blue-collar Boston than to buttoned-down Minneapolis. Humphrey might resonate with Wisconsin as a whole, but he was less obviously in tune with the diehard Democratic parts of it.

Kennedy also had superior organization and was able to staff top-flight field of-

fices in eight of Wisconsin's 10 Congressional districts, against Humphrey's two. Finally, because Wisconsin's quirky open primary system allowed it, substantial numbers of Republicans, either proud Catholics or mischief-minded Protestants, could cross over to vote for him.

This analysis proved shrewd; Kennedy won the primary with 56 percent of the Democratic vote against Humphrey's 44 percent. But what neither he nor Humphrey foresaw was that they could *both* lose—not to another candidate, but to a specter called "expectations." When the last vote was counted, Humphrey was said

to have lost because he had fewer votes. Kennedy's "victory," on the other hand, was not decisive enough to dispel doubts because he failed to carry four of the 10 Congressional districts, all of which were substantially Protestant. What did Wisconsin mean on primary night? "It means," Kennedy told one of his sisters, "that we have to do it all over again. We have to go through every one and win every one of them—West Virginia and Maryland and Indiana and Oregon, all the way to the convention."

The highest by far of these hurdles would be the next: West Virginia and its

## Mining for Votes **By Burt Meyers**

Seeking votes in West Virginia's primary 30 years ago, John F. Kennedy always ran late. His blue Mercury sedan would hurtle over twisting mountain roads while he boned up in the back seat on what he would say at the next stop. And changed his shirt. Kennedy did not mind campaigning in a rumpled suit with a smudge of grease on a pants leg, but he liked a clean shirt. (One of the more momentous questions I looked into as a *Time* correspondent was: How many times a day does JFK change his shirt? I never found out. His canny aides wanted no hints of any fetish.)

West Virginia, where Kennedy would bring his religion into the open, seemed an unlikely place to settle a national issue. To most of America the Depression was an ugly memory. In West Virginia it was a present reality. Hundreds of coal mines had closed during the Eisenhower 1950's. Boarded-up houses were said to wear "Eisenhower curtains." Smoke from cooking stoves drifted like ocean mist through hard-hit "hollers." Gutted cars rusted in the yards of unpainted cottages and doors sagged off loose-hinged privies. Seventy thousand people—mostly miners—were idle, and the jobless rate (15 percent) was the highest in the country. Families subsisted on "rockin' chair" (unemployment compensation) and "mollygrub" (surplus food). The dogwood and rosebud blossoms could not hide the blackened hillsides and smoking slag piles.

Of West Virginia's two million people, only 95,000 were Roman Catholic, and no Catholic had ever been elected to an important state office. As the campaign heat-

ed up, Bible-thumping fundamentalist ministers came out against the Pope, as did the Episcopal Bishop of West Virginia. Norman Vincent Peale, a New York minister noted for positive thinking, visited Charleston, West Virginia's capital, and said he didn't think a Catholic should be President. In Cabin Creek, retired miner C. C. Spurlin told me he'd started out for Kennedy but had switched to Hubert Humphrey, a Protestant and JFK's sole primary opponent in West Virginia. "I couldn't vote for no Catholic because I don't want the Pope coming over here and running the country," he said. No wonder a Kennedy aide said that he'd "rather sell refrigerators to Eskimos than a Catholic candidate to West Virginians."

After first resisting dealing with his Catholicism, Kennedy realized he had to fight back. In what we reporters called his "impeach the Pope" speech, he began declaring that any President who took orders from the Pope should be impeached. "If I cannot be President because of my religion, I shouldn't be a senator. I shouldn't have been a Congressman. I shouldn't have been allowed to serve my country in the war." His

crowds grew larger and warmer. "Pretty good talker, ain't he?" said one miner's wife.

Kennedy took his campaign to courthouses, railroad sidings, mine portals, clothing factories, company stores, parking lots—wherever he could turn up a voter. At the Borderland Number Two mine, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Blevins were waiting for a bus to take them to a Kennedy rally in Williamson. Kennedy gave them a ride in his car. Said Mrs. Blevins, after: "Me and my husband is going to vote for Mr. Canady."

In Wayne, Kennedy stood on the court-



"Pretty good talker, ain't he?"  
said one West Virginia voter.



May 10 primary. One of the poorest, least educated and most geographically isolated states, Protestant West Virginia was likely to view a Yankee Catholic with suspicion, if not outright scorn. Religion was certain to be an issue. At first Kennedy didn't see it that way. Anticipating the likelihood of a battle there with Humphrey, Kennedy had begun the year before to build an extensive local organization. By December 1959 his own polling showed him ahead 70-30 in the populous county that included Charleston, the state capital.

When Humphrey agreed to contest

West Virginia, Kennedy's team congratulated itself on having laid a trap for the unsuspecting Hubert. But three weeks before the West Virginia primary their polls revealed, to their chagrin, that sentiment in the same county had flip-flopped, to 60-40 for Humphrey. Once again, a primary loomed as an election that both candidates could lose. The Minnesotan's chances had been crippled by his loss in Wisconsin. Winning in West Virginia against a Catholic opponent would not salvage much for him. Party leaders would surely interpret the votes as anti-Catholic rather than pro-Humphrey. A defeat for Kennedy, on the

other hand, could end his candidacy. Sorensen admits, "We thought we were in very serious trouble, to put it mildly. We expected to lose and thought that would be the end of the road."

Kennedy's ultimate response seems, in hindsight, inevitable. But at the time it was viewed as almost reckless. After some staff debate—and against the heated advice of his father and brother—Kennedy decided to confront the religion issue head-on. "The longer it festered as a hidden issue," explains Schlesinger, "the greater the damage it was going to do."

Aided by his glowing war record and

house steps and spoke fervently about the state's economic problems, chopping the air with his right hand. "If I am elected President," he pledged, "I will come back here and do something about the conditions we have seen." People crowded around to touch his hand until the throng on the steps was packed so tight there was no way through it.

One elderly woman told Kennedy, "I'm the best rooter you have in Wayne County."

"Stay with it," Kennedy said, the famous smile lighting his face.

"I will, and I've got children in three or four other counties too."

"We'll put you in charge of the whole thing," Kennedy said, laughing.

After 30 years, the most indelible memory I have of Kennedy in West Virginia is from the Itmann mine, near the little town of Mullens. Itmann was large, employing 560 men. Kennedy's advance team had planned the visit carefully. The candidate would arrive at the mine portal just at shift-changing time. He would greet union members going down to work in the dark, wet tunnels as well as those coming up to light and air after eight hours underground.

Kennedy arrived as scheduled, trailed by aides and reporters. The miners turned up too, in hard hats and blackened work clothes, the pores

of their faces darkened by years of exposure to coal dust. They met Kennedy at a portal on a hillside covered by slag piles and loading tipples. No sunlight reached into the "holler," and the men waiting to descend into the mine had no smiles for the candidate.

Kennedy moved among them, right hand extended. "Hi, I'm John Kennedy, running for President, I need your help." Some refused to take his hand. Others shook hands but did not look at him. Kennedy approached miners sitting on railroad tracks. They too were unresponsive. Kennedy sat down with them.

"What would happen to you if this mine closed down and you went to another mine?" he asked. "Would you keep your seniority?"

"No," one miner said after a moment.

Kennedy probed on. Other miners gathered and began to confide their worries. They told the candidate about black lung disease, inadequate medical facilities, uncertain pensions, lack of work, the reluctance of mines to hire anyone over 35, sharply limited "rockin' chair."

"What do the fellows do after they're laid off?"

"Wait for the poke [garden] to come up," somebody said. There was laughter all around.

Kennedy wandered into the mine shaft. Water trickled from the walls and puddled around the rails underfoot. High-voltage electric cables hung from the roof. Some men getting off work hurried past without pausing, but as word spread that this candidate seemed genuinely interested in their problems, others lingered. Kennedy

hopped up on a flat car to speak. His head came within inches of a hot wire. Someone yelled a warning. Kennedy jerked his head safely away. "That woulda lit his lights," said a miner. He pressed forward to get close to the candidate. "I want to shake hands with a President. I'll never get to again."

Though late polls predicted a Kennedy victory, the candidate himself believed that religious bigotry had cost him the primary. As he flew back to Washington to escape the defeat, his exhausted staff settled down in Charleston at Kennedy headquarters—a green-tiled former barbershop—to await the news.

The first 12 precincts to report gave Kennedy 772 votes, Humphrey 532. "We're doing better than we had any right to expect," said campaign manager Robert Kennedy, the candidate's brother. As more returns came in, Bobby called Washington to suggest that Jack hurry back to West Virginia.

At 1:05 A.M., the Kennedy Convair landed at Charleston's mountaintop airport in a driving rain. A waiting crowd of soaked but jubilant supporters shrieked out a campaign song, "High Hopes." Kennedy came down the plane steps, smiling broadly, to learn that he was beating Hubert Humphrey by a ratio of three to two. The issue of religion, he said, "has been buried here in the soil of West Virginia."

BURT MEYERS, a former *Time* correspondent and *Fortune* senior editor, is the author of *Geronimo's Ponies*, winner of the 1988 National Novella Award.



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unquestioned patriotism, Kennedy cast the issue as a constitutional one, first in a sober speech to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, then in ever more direct confrontations with West Virginia voters. Speaking live on television (he bought time on every available channel) on the Sunday night before the primary, he told them, "When any man stands on the steps of the Capitol and takes the oath of office of President, he is swearing to support the separation of church and state; he puts one hand on the Bible and raises the other hand to God as he takes the oath. And if he breaks his oath, he is not only committing a crime against the Constitution, for which Congress can impeach him—and should impeach him—but he is committing a sin against God." The kinship of that speech is, sadly, lost.

But White reports that Kennedy then raised his hand as if from an imaginary Bible and repeated softly, "A sin against God—for he has sworn on the Bible." Adds White: "Once the issue had been pitched as tolerance versus intolerance, there was only one way for a West Virginian to demonstrate tolerance—and that was by voting for Kennedy."

The speech did not change hearts so much as votes. "They still didn't like the idea of a Catholic," Louis Harris says today. "They just didn't want to be seen as bigots. We didn't really change minds on the subject of the issue. They might not have voted for Kennedy if they had known how far their help would take him."

Humphrey could say nothing, do nothing. Infuriating as it might be to grant Kennedy the high ground in this appeal to reason and tolerance, Humphrey dared not align himself even faintly with the forces of malice. Even more frustrating to Humphrey was his sense that at the same time that the Massachusetts senator was intoning nobly about the sacrosanct separation of church and state, he and his minions were playing the political game by West Virginia's unsavory down-home rules. Rumors

abounded of payoffs to courthouse hacks, although later investigations turned up no indictable offenses (under the admittedly permissive campaign finance rules of the day).

Although there would be months of maneuvering for the Democratic nomination to follow, the battle really ended with Kennedy's landslide victory in West Virginia. (He took 219,246 votes to Humphrey's 141,941.) "After that, it was his to lose," Sorensen says, "although there were still some rocks in the road." One of those obstacles was Humphrey, who soon gave up. Another was Wayne Morse, the Republican-turned-Democratic Senator whom Kennedy beat in Morse's native Oregon.

"Even though political conventions

have been turned into coronations, ratifying bodies instead of real deliberative bodies," says Schlesinger, "there is always a simulation of a struggle. So there was one in Los Angeles, with suspense right up to the moment of nomination by Wyoming at the end of the alphabetical roll call. But for all intents and purposes it was won in the primaries, and the primary season was settled in West Virginia."

The myth that Kennedy could not win was ended. The gutsy quality of his struggle caught the popular fancy, and the notion of a deadlocked convention was transformed from stately compromise to the risky business of frustrating the will of the people. The primary thus acquired its primacy, affecting seemingly forever the American politics that was to come. ■

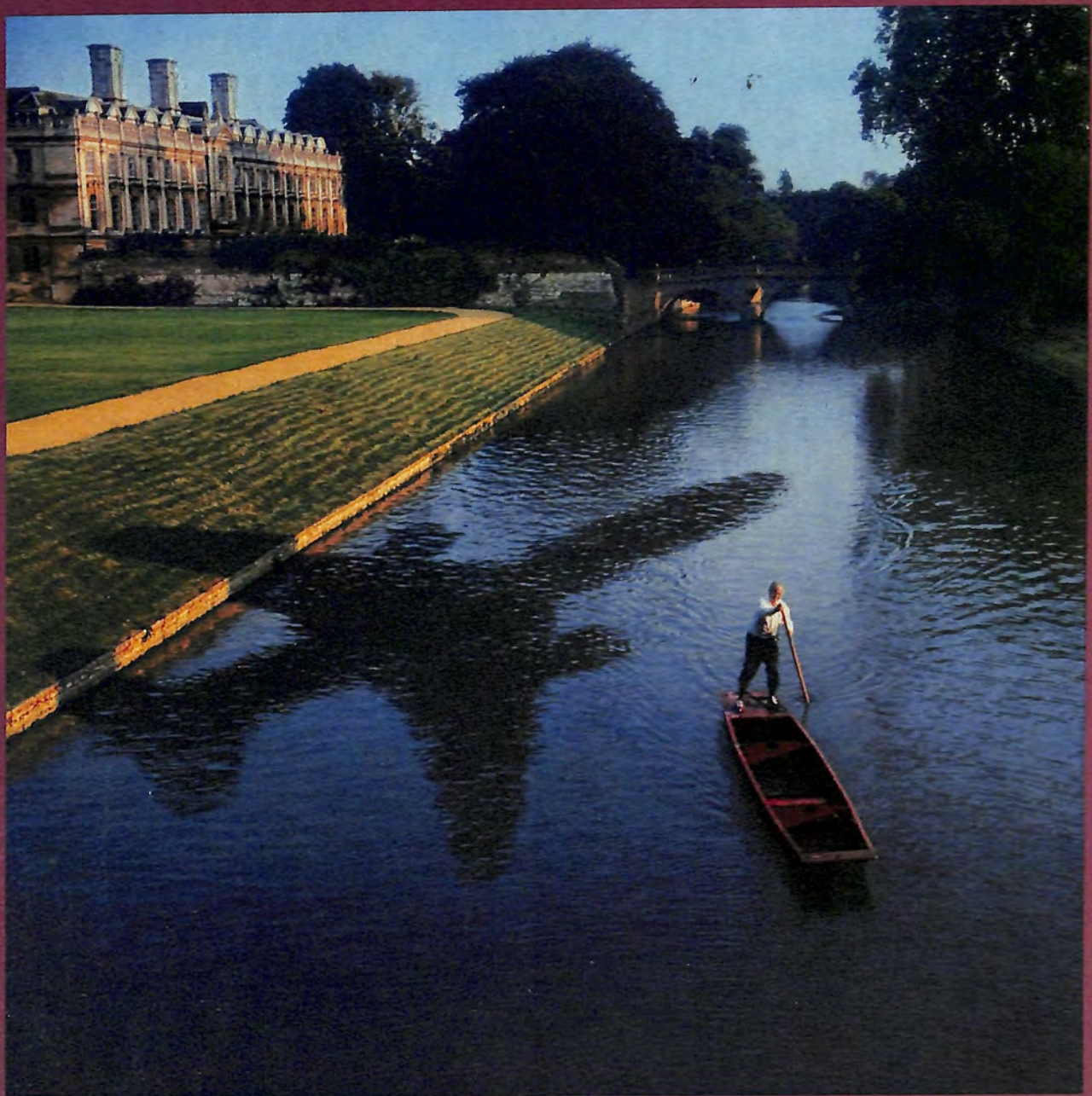


*After West Virginia, says Kennedy aide Ted Sorensen, the nomination "was JFK's to lose."*

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- |                                 |                        |                            |
|---------------------------------|------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1½ lb. round steak, ¾-in. thick | 1 medium onion, minced | 1 (6-oz.) can              |
| 1 egg, beaten                   | 1 teasp. salt          | Hunt's Tomato Paste*       |
| ⅓ cup grated Parmesan cheese    | ¼ teasp. pepper        | 2 cups hot water           |
| ⅓ cup fine dry bread crumbs     | ½ teasp. sugar         | ½ lb. Mozzarella cheese    |
| ⅓ cup Wesson                    | ½ teasp. marjoram      | (or process cheese slices) |

Place meat between pieces of wax paper larger than the meat, and lay on a board. Pound meat thin (about ¼-in.) with a heavy skillet, rolling pin or mallet. Trim off gristle and excess fat; cut into 6 or 8 pieces. Dip meat in egg; roll in mixture of Parmesan cheese and crumbs. Heat Wesson in large skillet. Brown steak on both sides over medium heat until golden brown. Lay in shallow, wide baking dish. In same skillet cook onion, over low heat, until soft. Stir in salt, pepper, sugar, marjoram, and Hunt's Tomato Paste. Gradually add hot water, stirring constantly. Boil 5 minutes, scraping browned bits from pan. Pour most of the sauce over meat; top with cheese slices and remaining sauce. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 1 hour or until tender. Delicious—with or without spaghetti. Garnish with parsley. 4 to 6 servings.

\*Hunt's Tomato Paste is pure, concentrated tomato. Use it in your cooking by the spoonful, combining with liquid, until you add the amount of tomato flavor you want.



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# SOVIET DOWNS AMERICAN PLANE; U.S. SAYS IT WAS WEATHER CRAFT; KHRUSHCHEV SEES SUMMIT BLOW

## CAPITAL EXPLAINS

Reports Unarmed U-2  
Vanished at Border  
After Difficulty

Text of the U. S. statement  
on plane is on Page 7.

By JACK RAYMOND

## PREMIER IS BITTER

Assails 'Provocation  
Aimed at Wrecking'  
May 16 Parley

Excerpts from Khrushchev's  
remarks are on Page 6.

By OSGOOD CARL TUNES



Francis Gary Powers

## By Michael R. Beschloss

**D**wight David Eisenhower had ample reason to presume—that last Saturday in April—that his nine remaining months in office would crown his Presidency. The previous fall, Eisenhower and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev had met at Camp David and begun the most hopeful period of the cold war. In mid-May Ike would go to Paris for a summit with Khrushchev, with whom he privately hoped to reach the world's first nuclear test ban treaty.

In June Khrushchev was to escort him around the Soviet Union; it would be the first such visit by an American President. Khrushchev had even built Eisenhower a special cottage on Lake Baikal dubbed the "Eisenhower Dacha" and was said to be laying out the first Soviet golf course, on which the President might play a few holes. Eisenhower hoped that by fall the Republican and Democratic Presidential candidates would compete on the basis of

who could best continue his détente with the Soviet Union.

At 7:02 A.M., April 30, 1960, the President's doctor, Gen. Howard Snyder, examined Eisenhower in his White House bedroom. After a heart attack suffered five years earlier, a case of ileitis and a mild stroke, Eisenhower had submitted to Snyder's near-constant supervision. The doctor wrote in his diary, "His weight for the last couple of weeks has varied from 176 to 178. This has disturbed him. I think his blood pressure is up because I insisted on getting another blood specimen today. He usually does want it, but he is afraid that they will ruin the one good vein from which they always take his blood."

Later that morning, Eisenhower flew by helicopter to his white farmhouse next to the Civil War battleground at Gettysburg, Pa. After a round of golf, he was driven to Camp David in Maryland, where he lunched, took an hour's nap and went fishing—he caught 30 trout—in a nearby stream. Following a family dinner at Camp David, the Eisenhowers watched the film *April Showers*.

While Eisenhower slept that night, on

the other side of the world, in Peshawar, Pakistan, a 30-year-old C.I.A. contract pilot, Francis Gary Powers, climbed into a sleek, black spy plane. Since Independence Day 1956, such planes—called U-2s—had been sent secretly over the Soviet Union to gather intelligence on Russian missile sites, airfields, nuclear testing grounds, ports, submarine pens and other landmarks of the Soviet military-industrial establishment. Each time the C.I.A. wished to fly, route maps would be taken to the Oval Office, where the President would approve or disapprove the flights. Sometimes he even took out a pencil and altered a flight path himself.

The U.S. kept the flights secret because the President considered violating the airspace of an unfriendly nation tantamount to an act of war. And he felt it was better not to rub Khrushchev's nose in the fact that Soviet anti-aircraft could not shoot the planes down.

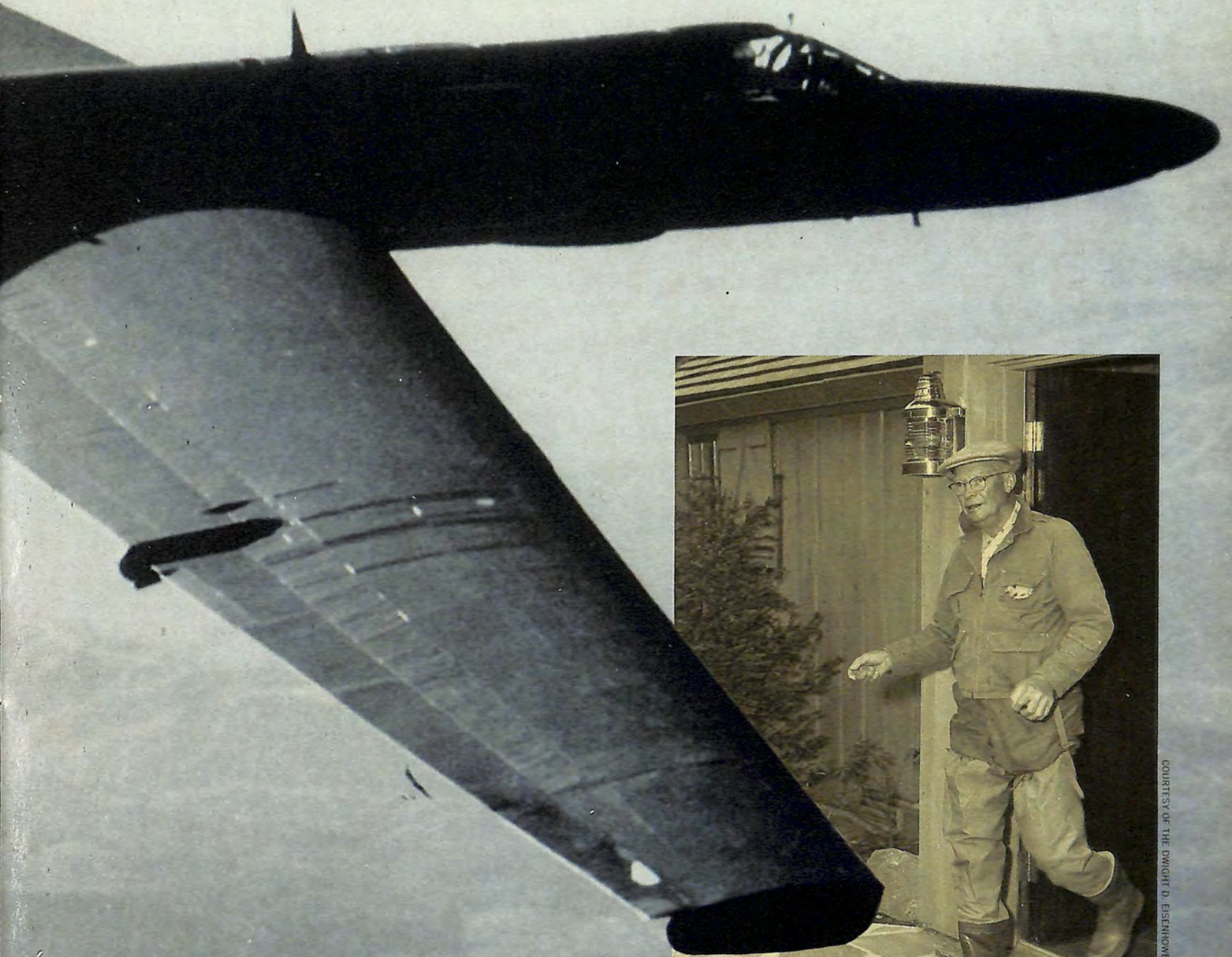
Knowing that Soviet weaponry was growing more effective, Eisenhower had approved fewer and fewer flights in 1959. And, as relations with Khrushchev improved, the President grew ever more



**30 YEARS AGO: SOVIETS DOWN U.S. SPY PLANE**

*Eisenhower faces a grim choice: admit to espionage or feign ignorance of a policy he should have known about.*

# THE U-2 AFFAIR



*After okaying one last, pre-summit flight, Ike went fishing.*

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wary. "If one of these planes is shot down," he said, "this thing is going to be on my head. I'm going to catch hell. The world will be in a mess."

In the spring of 1960, the C.I.A. received intelligence suggesting that in the northwestern town of Plesetsk, the Russians had erected their first four operational intercontinental ballistic missiles—an event which, if true, greatly facilitated a surprise nuclear attack against the U.S. The Agency asked Eisenhower to let a U-2 determine whether the ICBMs were on their launching pads. The President agreed. But he insisted that May 1 be the last day on which the plane could fly: "We don't want to have that thing flying up there while the summit's on."

It was almost 2 A.M. on Sunday, May 1, at Camp David when Powers, soaring over the Soviet mining town of Sverdlovsk, heard a dull thump. The U-2 shook and an orange flash lit the cockpit and sky. Knocked back in his seat, the pilot shouted, "My God, I've had it now!" But he did not set off the C.I.A. mechanism to destroy the plane and its incriminating cameras, nor did he use the poison needle dispensed to give pilots the option of killing themselves if captured. He bailed out. "I've just got to try to save myself now," he later recalled thinking.

Sunday afternoon, Eisenhower—blissfully unaware of these events—bowled in the Camp David alley and hit some golf balls. The President was skeet shooting when his staff secretary, Gen. Andrew

Goodpaster, informed him that "one of our reconnaissance planes on a scheduled flight is overdue and possibly lost." Goodpaster recalled Eisenhower's prediction that if such a plane crashed in Russia, "the winds are going to blow."

On Monday morning, May 2, Goodpaster handed Ike a prewritten cover story stating that a NASA weather research plane might have strayed across the Turkish border into the Soviet Union. Assured by the C.I.A. that no pilot could have survived a U-2 crash in the Soviet Union, thus denying the Russians "living proof" of espionage to show the world, the President ordered the story's release. Few newspapers bothered to pick it up.

Three days later, Eisenhower was presiding over a civil defense exercise when teletypes rattled out reports of a Khrushchev speech to the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. The Soviet leader announced that "an American plane crossed our frontier and continued its flight deep into Soviet territory. . . . The plane was shot down. . . . Who sent this aircraft across the Soviet frontier? Was it. . . the President? Or was this aggressive act performed by Pentagon militarists without the President's knowledge?"

Eisenhower's press secretary, James Hagerty, announced that an inquiry into Khrushchev's charge was underway and the findings would be made public by NASA and the State Department. A State Department spokesman told reporters that a "U-2 weather research pilot" had been

lost since reporting "difficulty with his oxygen equipment" the previous Sunday. "It may be that this was the missing plane," he said.

On Saturday, May 7, two days after his first U-2 speech, Khrushchev returned to the Supreme Soviet rostrum: "I must let you in on a secret. . . . I deliberately refrained from mentioning that we have the remnants of the plane—and we also have the pilot, who is quite alive and kicking. . . . The people behind this pirate flight could not think up anything better than the stupid story that this was a weather plane and that when the pilot lost consciousness, his plane. . . dragged him against his will into Soviet territory. . . . I am quite willing to grant that the President knew nothing about the fact that such a plane was sent into the Soviet Union. . . . But this should put us even more on guard. When the military starts bossing the show, the results can be disastrous."

Eisenhower had received repeated assurances from C.I.A. Director Allen Dulles and the Joint Chiefs of Staff that a pilot would never be captured alive. Before Khrushchev's surprise announcement, "there was not one scintilla of doubt in our minds that [Powers] was dead," John Eisenhower, assistant staff secretary to his father, now recalls. Would the President have permitted the C.I.A. to fly deep into Russia without such an assurance? "It's very hard to say," Goodpaster says today. "But it would have been much more difficult to give approval to it."

The President knew he had to respond to Khrushchev's speech, and he realized that it had offered him an out: If Eisenhower went along with the fiction that he had not approved the hostile flight, perhaps the Paris summit could go forward. But accepting such a scenario would suggest Eisenhower was the leader of a government whose lower-level officials could order acts that could lead to world war. The alternative was no more appealing—declaring in public that he was behind the U-2 mission. It would be the first time an American President had confessed that the Government practiced espionage.

On Monday, May 9, Eisenhower directed Secretary of State Christian Herter to issue a statement noting that the Soviets had rejected the President's 1955 "Open Skies" proposal to exchange military blueprints and to allow American and Soviet planes to photograph each other's territory. Because of Soviet secrecy, programs had been developed under general Presidential supervision "which have in-



John Eisenhower sat off-camera as his father told the nation about the summit's collapse.

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cluded extensive aerial surveillance by unarmed civilian aircraft, normally of a peripheral nature but on occasion by penetration." At a press conference, Eisenhower explained that "no one wants another Pearl Harbor. This means we must have knowledge of military forces and preparations around the world."

Khrushchev arrived in Paris on Saturday, May 14, demanding that the President publicly apologize, promise not to violate Soviet air frontiers again and punish those who were responsible. Otherwise, Khrushchev said, he would walk out of the summit meeting. John Eisenhower wrote in his diary that his father had "decided this is no time to be bulldozed." The President was willing to forswear more U-2 flights—after all, clearly the Russians were now able to shoot the planes down. But he wouldn't apologize and he wouldn't agree to punish anyone.

On their flight to Paris earlier that day, John Eisenhower, stung by the public criticism of Ike's handling of the U-2 incident, reminded his father that C.I.A. Director Dulles had promised that a pilot would never be captured alive. John suggested asking for Dulles's resignation. "I am *not* going to shift the blame to my underlings!" the President exploded. The outburst suggested to the son that "Dad was fighting a hard battle himself, internally, about Dulles." Even today, John Eisenhower says that recalling Dulles's "absolutely categorical" assurances sends him "into a war dance."

At the Paris summit on Monday morning, May 16, Eisenhower sat in a chair in an upstairs Elysée Palace room with French President Charles de Gaulle, British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan and Khrushchev, who, the Soviet Premier later wrote, felt anger "building up inside me like an electric force." A trembling Khrushchev castigated the "aggressive" flight, the "ridiculous" cover stories and Eisenhower's insistence that "American flights over Soviet territory have been and remain the calculated policy of the United States." He revoked his invitation to Eisenhower to visit the Soviet Union.

Eisenhower responded that the Premier was misinformed. The Americans had *not* threatened more overflights, he said, adding, "I see no reason to disrupt the conference." After more talk, Khrushchev shook his head. "We will allow no one—but *no one*—to violate our sovereignty," he said. "We don't understand what devil pushed you into doing this provocative act to us just before the conference. If there



Premier Khrushchev demanded an apology.

had been no incident, we would have come here in friendship . . . . How can I invite as a dear guest the leader of a country which has committed an aggressive act against us?" Khrushchev said he would no longer deal with Eisenhower; instead, he'd wait six months for a successor to be chosen. At 2:06 P.M., he walked out. Furious, Eisenhower asked, "What kind of apology does that man *want*?"

John Eisenhower waited at the American Embassy. After "an interminable stretch," he wrote in his diary, "we were notified at about 2:20 that the President was on his way back . . . . As the car pulled up to the drive, we all looked out the window . . . . General Goodpaster had ridden in the back seat with the President, and his grim look . . . told the story." In the Embassy, Ike stomped about. "You might have thought *we'd* done a Hungary . . . . I'm just fed up!" he declared. Had Khrushchev revoked his invitation? Fine. That only saved him the bother of refusing it himself.

For two long days, the two superpower leaders sat on their pride. The summit did not reconvene. Before leaving Paris, Khrushchev exclaimed, "We told the Americans that they act like thieves and they say, 'No, this is our policy. We have flown and will keep on flying over your territory' . . . . How could a summit conference be started under these conditions?" Upon his return to Washington, Eisenhower told the American people, "Obviously I would not respond to his extreme demands."

Test ban talks collapsed. Détente died and gave way to the most dangerous years of the cold war. In August 1960, the Russians subjected Powers to a mammoth, televised show trial. (He had already con-

fessed to espionage but had managed to conceal some sensitive details.) During the trial they exhibited the poison needle and gold rings found among his belongings, with which he was meant to bribe Russian women to help him if captured. Powers was sentenced to 10 years' "deprivation of liberty" and sent to a harsh prison outside Moscow.

Eighteen months later, after much C.I.A. lobbying, Powers was released in exchange for the Soviet spy Rudolf Abel. Powers was welcomed home to a job advising C.I.A. trainees on how to cope with captivity. (In 1977 Powers, then a Los Angeles television and radio weather pilot, was killed in a helicopter crash. His wife lobbied for a hero's burial at Arlington National Cemetery and with the C.I.A.'s strong recommendation, President Jimmy Carter approved.)

John Kennedy and Richard Nixon competed as Presidential candidates in 1960 largely on the basis of who could be tougher in standing up to Khrushchev. Eisenhower called Kennedy's victory "the biggest defeat of my life, a repudiation of everything I've done for eight years." Reflecting on his thwarted summit, shortly before he died in 1969, he said, "I had longed to give the United States and the world a lasting peace. I was able only to contribute to a stalemate."

Thirty years later, in the age of Mikhail Gorbachev, the U-2 episode illuminates more than anything the danger of miscalculation. Had Eisenhower known how fundamentally damaging the U-2 flights were to Khrushchev's pride and political position, he might have stopped them in time to save his summit and test ban treaty. Had Khrushchev known how worried the American Government was about a surprise attack, he might have relaxed some of the secrecy about military preparations that impelled the flights.

Today, it is reassuring to think that both sides are more sensitive to such considerations. When President George Bush re-submitted Eisenhower's old proposal for Open Skies in the spring of 1989, the Russians responded enthusiastically. Last December, the U.S. and Soviet Union deliberately sent planes into each other's airspace to test a new treaty intended to guard against accidental crisis. "I think it's a reflection of an increased element of trust," Pentagon spokesman Pete Williams said at the time, "and an attempt to avoid an accident from being caused by the inability to communicate with the other side." Let us hope so. ■



From the '60s.



*This is Stouffer's Frozen Macaroni and Cheese. Taste its tangy aged cheddar, and firm, yet tender, macaroni . . . topped with grated cheese for perfect browning. These good things make half the difference in Stouffer's. The other half is cooks who care.*

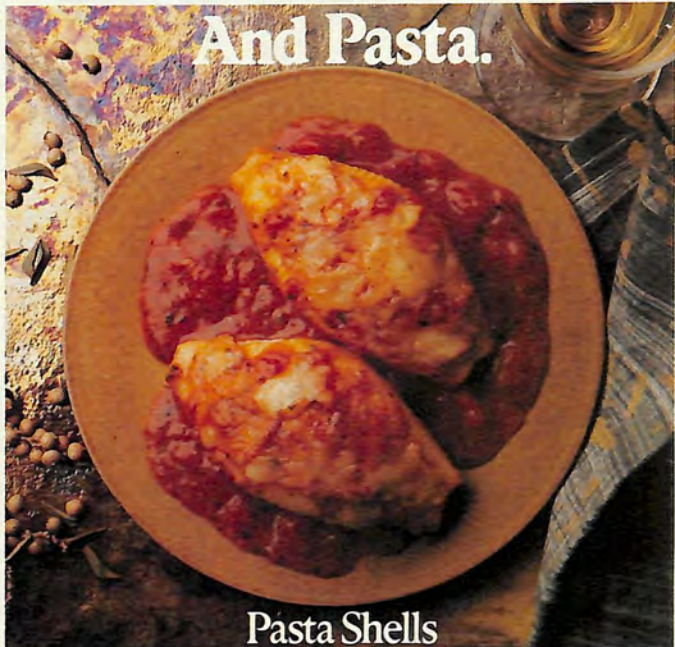


*You Taste a Priceless Difference in* **Stouffer's** *Frozen Cooked Foods*



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### And even more pasta.

With 16 different dishes, Stouffer's pasta selections are nearly endless. And they're endlessly delicious, too. Intriguingly seasoned. And perfectly accompanied by our own, specially blended sauces.

**Dish after dish after dish.  
People expect us to be better.**



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# Don't let your dog eat this page.



...one  
Terry.  
...big-  
...in the  
Terry had  
energy and an  
match. He ate  
that his food  
seemed to disappear! Terry was  
...en without his best  
Sammy.

...ny was younger and  
...ller, and so looked up  
Terry even though  
...ammy could bark and  
...owl much louder. The  
...o dogs were seen together  
...stantly, playing in the  
...s, rolling down hills, and  
...ing into mischief.

One day Farmer Josh was load-  
... pumpkins into his truck.  
... the food truck! Let's go for  
...laimed Terry. "Don't we  
... watch the chickens?";  
...y asked. "We'll only be  
... a few minutes, besides,  
... hungry," Terry answered  
...g into the truck. All of  
...n, the truck's motor  
... and before Sammy  
...ay another word, Terry  
... truck had vanished  
...d of dust. "Here  
...ner adventure!"  
...laimed, and  
...his friend

He'll be tempted. Because Beggin' Strips® are made with real meat. They look, smell and taste so much like bacon, dogs find them irresistible! Try all the Purina treats, made with real meat. Cheese Dawgs® have the look and taste of little hot dogs stuffed with cheese. Mouthwatering Purina Hearty Chews® look like beef jerky.

**Dogs don't know they're not people food.**



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# APRIL AND MAY 1965 25 YEARS AGO

## CONFLICT IN CARIBBEAN

**April 30** Two battalions of U.S. combat troops have arrived in the Dominican Republic, six days after leftist rebels toppled the presidency of Donald Reid Cabral. Fierce fighting has broken out between the rebels, who seek to restore exiled Juan Bosch to the presidency, and anti-Bosch forces made up largely of military leaders. (Bosch, the first democratically elected Dominican president in 38 years, had been overthrown by a military coup in 1963.) About 2,500 American soldiers will join the 1,700 Marines already sent to



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

the island to insure the safety of the 3,000 Americans there.

**Update** Concerned that the rebellion had turned Communist, President Lyndon B. Johnson increased the U.S. troop presence to 21,500 to prevent the island from becoming "another Cuba." The U.S. military was gradually replaced by a 12,000-man force established by the Organization of American States. Fighting continued for months, leaving an estimated 2,500 dead by the end of August. In June 1966, reformist party candidate Joaquin Balaguer was elected president over the rebel-supported Bosch.



CHARLES BONNAY/BLACK STAR

## AIR ATTACK

**April 15** U.S. military involvement in Vietnam escalated today with the largest air strike of the war. In an all-day attack, 230 U.S. and South Vietnamese planes dropped 1,000 tons of bombs on an 8-square-mile area believed to be a Vietcong stronghold in

Tay Ninh Province, 72 miles northwest of Saigon. It was the first time Navy planes participated in operations against the Vietcong. Ground fire was said to be lighter than expected, and no aircraft were reported lost in the attack.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

## THE GREAT INDOORS

**April 9** The Houston Astrodome, the world's largest indoor arena, opened today with an exhibition baseball game between the Astros and the New York Yankees. The \$31.6 million arena seats 45,000 for baseball, 52,000 for football. It is also the world's largest greenhouse, with 3½ acres of grass growing under clear roof panels that admit natural sunlight.

**Update** Soon after the

Astrodome's opening, a glaring problem became apparent: In day games, sun streaming through the skylights made it almost impossible for fielders to track fly balls. After considering colored baseballs and special glasses, officials decided to paint over the clear panels in the infield, requiring the natural grass to be replaced by Astroturf, specially developed for the arena, in October 1965.

## Storm and Strife

**April 10** Shah of Iran escapes assassination attempt . . . **April 12** Tornadoes leave 239 dead in Midwest . . . **April 13** Alabama jury indicts three Selma residents for murder of Rev. James Reeb . . . **April 22** Bomb hurled by ex-mental patient explodes in New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral, burning two . . . **April 29** Australia announces it will send troops to Vietnam . . . **May 11** Pakistan cyclone kills 5,000 . . . **May 28** India mine blast kills 200.

## Champions

**April 11** Jack Nicklaus wins Masters golf tournament by record nine strokes . . . **April 25** Boston Celtics beat L.A. Lakers to take seventh straight NBA title . . . **May 1** Montreal Canadiens win NHL Stanley Cup, defeating Chicago Black Hawks . . . **May 25** In title-fight rematch, heavyweight champ Muhammad Ali scores first-round knockout of Sonny Liston.

## Chart-Toppers

Top-rated TV shows: *Bonanza*, *Bewitched*,



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

*Gomer Pyle, U.S.M.C.*, *The Andy Griffith Show* and *The Fugitive* . . . Soundtracks to *Goldfinger* and *Mary Poppins* are top-selling record albums.

## Awards

Pulitzer Prize to Shirley Ann Grau for her novel *The Keepers of the House* and to playwright Frank Gilroy for *The Subject Was Roses* . . . *The Sound of Music* wins best-picture Oscar; Lee Marvin and Julie Christie are named best actor and actress . . . Grammy to Tom Jones as best new artist.



**25 YEARS AGO:  
BROADCASTER EDWARD R. MURROW DIES AT 57**

*His World War II reporting set the standard for a fledgling industry and established Murrow at the top of it.*



LINE MONITOR

**Good Night all**





LINE MONITOR 2

nd Good Luck



# On The Air

By Joseph E. Persico

A quarter-century has passed since the voice of Edward R. Murrow was stilled. Yet millions of us need only tune our imaginations to hear, through the crackle and whine of shortwave radio, his haunting voice: "This . . . is London."

Ed Murrow fathered an entire profession, broadcast journalism. Before him, news essentially meant newspapers. After him, journalism of the air would rival the journalism of print.

We hear him, and we see him too: suave, urbane, the ultimate cosmopolitan. In fact he was born in a log cabin to a farm family in a place that sounds straight out of *L'il Abner*, Polecat Creek, N.C.

Murrow graduated in 1930—as the

country was sinking into the Depression—from Washington State College, what was then called a "cow college." He felt lucky to get his first job, with a student organization in New York, and the \$25-a-week salary it paid. One of his duties was to find academic experts to appear on a radio program, *The University of the Air*, produced by the Columbia Broadcasting System, a small network struggling in the shadow of giant NBC. In a coup that impressed CBS, he arranged for Albert Einstein—en route from Europe to California—to be interviewed even *before* the mathematician got off his ship in New York Harbor.

In 1935, CBS hired Murrow as Director of Talks. His new job was much like his

old one: to find people to put on the air. Within two years, CBS made him its European chief, to act as a kind of entertainment scout and impresario.

In March 1938, as Hitler was preparing to swallow up Austria, Murrow, to his great frustration, found himself in Warsaw booking a children's choir. History in the making, and Murrow was auditioning boy sopranos! Finally, the network agreed that the crisis in Europe deserved greater attention and gave Murrow the go-ahead to report live on the Nazi incursions into Austria. As Hitler marched on Vienna, Murrow flew to that city and made his first news broadcast: "This is Edward Murrow, speaking from Vienna . . ."

At the time, radio news consisted mainly of velvet-voiced announcers reading five minutes of wire-service copy. Preparing radio reports about the Austrian crisis, Murrow first rounded up the usual experts. Then, despite his lack of reporting experience, he decided to broadcast his own description of the death of a nation.

JOSEPH E. PERSICO is the author of *Edward R. Murrow: An American Original* (1989).

# My Last Hero

By Joseph Wershba

Edward R. Murrow was my last hero. When this nation was drowning in cowardice and demagoguery, it was Murrow who hurled the spear at the terror. The spear was his *See It Now* television broadcast on Senator Joe McCarthy.

Murrow did not kill off McCarthy or McCarthyism, but he helped halt America's incredible slide toward a native brand of fascism. Unbelievable. You had to live through the times to know how fearful—indeed, terrorized—people were about speaking their minds. The cold war with Russia, the threat of a hot war with China, security programs and loyalty oaths—all had cowed the citizens of the most powerful nation on earth into keeping their minds closed and their mouths shut. The

Senate of the United States, in order not to appear Red, chose to be yellow. It was the Age of McCarthyism. Edward R. Murrow helped bring it to an end.

He was the most famous newsman in broadcasting, but he spelled out the limitations of his trade. "Just because the microphone in front of you amplifies your voice around the world," he'd say, "is no reason to think we have any more wisdom than we had when our voices could reach only from one end of the bar to the other."

His writing style was simple, direct. He used strong, active verbs. On paper, it looked plain. The voice made the words catch fire. He regarded the news as a sacred trust. Accuracy was everything. And, always, fairness.

I remember once, flying with him from Alaska to cover the war in Korea, our military aircraft seemed to be circling endlessly in the dark night of the Pacific. The steward came down the aisle, explained that we had already made two passes trying to find the refueling island, and if we didn't make it on the third—well . . . "Joe," Murrow said very softly, "that's the best way to go—in the presence of good companions."

When I went to work on a column of numbers, Murrow asked what I was doing. I said I was adding up my assets—how much I'd be able to leave to my wife and baby daughter. It came to something like \$4,000. Murrow's eyes widened. "Washboard," he said, using the nickname given to me in the Army, "you're the only son of a bitch I know who is worth more alive than dead!"

Sharing the same tiny quarters in Korea, we'd be up before dawn. The first

JOSEPH WERSHBA joined CBS News in 1944 and served as a writer, editor and correspondent. He was a producer of 60 Minutes from 1968-1988.





William L. Shirer, first hire

He also put his new assistant on the air, a 33-year-old reporter with a weak voice and great courage named William L. Shirer. In those few days, broadcast journalism was born.

Shirer, who would write the classic *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, among other books, recalls the Murrow of that time: "Ed was a deadly serious man, not much for small talk or man's talk about women. His passion was radio. He wanted to transform it into something exciting, adult and honest." (In his recent book, *A Native's Return*, Shirer blames Murrow, years later, for bowing to pressure from CBS head William Paley, who disagreed

with Shirer's liberal views. In 1947 Murrow, writes Shirer, "turned out to be uncharacteristically slick in trying to confuse the public, diffuse the protests, and finish me off at CBS.")

By 1939, Europe was at war, and Ed was covering it from London. His college speech teacher chided him in a letter about his hokey introduction to his broadcasts. ("Hello, America. This is London calling.") She advised him to say, "This," then make the briefest pause, and finish with a somber "... is London." The phrase and the man would be forever intertwined.

In the fall of 1940, England was being pounded nightly by Nazi bombers and again Murrow felt frustrated; he held in his hand a miracle capable of bringing history to people as it happened. He wanted to go out during a raid, with a live microphone, and bring the reality of the blitz to Americans safe in their living rooms. The British Air Ministry refused; his descriptions might help German planes pinpoint targets. CBS refused; Murrow had become too valuable to be blown to bits.

But the cow college graduate had be-

come an adroit politician. He took his problems to a British friend he had cultivated, Winston Churchill, just sworn in as the new prime minister. Murrow got his permission and left us one of the most sharply etched memories of the war, the lone figure on a rooftop, bomb blasts silhouetting the London skyline with a hellish beauty, and that rich baritone intoning, "It's a bomber's moon tonight."

He elbowed his way onto an R.A.F. bomber for a raid over Berlin. His broadcast, "Orchestrated Hell," throbs with Murrow's taut oral poetry: "Incendiaries were going down like a fistful of white rice thrown on a piece of black velvet . . . High explosives were bursting below like great sunflowers gone mad." Fifty R.A.F. bombers were shot down that night and hundreds of men were lost, including two of Murrow's colleagues.

By war's end, Ed Murrow had become the consummate practitioner of the profession he had invented. And he had lured to it former pencil reporters who were to dominate broadcast journalism for a generation—Eric Sevareid, Charles Collingwood, Larry Le Sueur, Howard K. Smith

sound I would hear would be a long, long pull on a cigarette. I could almost hear the smoke going down to his toes. Except when the working situation absolutely forbade smoking, I can't ever recall seeing Murrow without a cigarette.

I once got an expense account thrown back at me because I had included an extra couple of Scotches at the bar. I appealed to Murrow. "Aren't we allowed a drink at dinner?" I asked. Murrow gave me one of his Churchillian replies: "Any working reporter who does not invade the corporate exchequer for at least one fifth of Scotch each day is not worthy of his hire." I couldn't drink that much—and neither could he.

The only time I ever saw him under the influence was the night I drove him home to Washington after dinner at my Virginia apartment. The air was pleasant, breezy. He was humming some old logging-camp tune and was waving to the trees like a small boy. I never saw him so content, even happy. But I know that if he'd had to go into the studio that night, he'd have had his coffee and would have been ready at the mike.



Fred Friendly, partner

This man I worshiped could have his mean moods too. One night at the bar he chewed out a colleague, the man who had been closest to him in wartime London. I cringed. Nearby, another of "Murrow's Boys" was beaming. I stuttered something about it being beneath Murrow to bawl out a colleague where the troops

might overhear him. The second Murrow Boy roared with laughter. "The poor s.o.b. deserves a reaming!" he said. A little later, the three of them were laughing and toasting each other again.

What was it like to work for Ed Murrow? Well, on *See It Now* you didn't work for Murrow, you worked for the man Murrow called his partner, Fred Friendly. He and Murrow set the agenda. Reporters or field directors like myself would go out with cameramen. We'd case the story, film it in the field, bring Murrow in for key portions. Sometimes Murrow would limit himself to the narration. His voice alone was enough to give power to the piece.

He always gave us full credit on the air. He never exhibited any professional rivalry or competitiveness. After Eric Sevareid



Reporting the 1948 elections with Eric Sevareid



## On The Air



CBS PHOTOS

"Murrow's Boys": Charles Collingwood (center) and Eric Sevareid

among them. They were known as "Murrow's Boys," and Collingwood later described the master's hold over his protégés: "I wanted to write like Ed and sound like Ed. I wanted to be Edward R. Murrow. Ed told me the last thing he needed was another Ed Murrow in his life." Bucking network policy, Ed also hired the first woman radio foreign correspondent,

clicked with a series of CBS radio documentaries called *Hear It Now*. Friendly was itching to get into the new medium, television; Murrow turned up his nose. "It's a mystery to me," he once observed, "why a person, any civilized person, would be sitting at home on a Sunday afternoon watching television."

Finally, in the fall of 1951, Ed allowed

Mary Marvin Breckinridge. After she came on board, he jokingly told her to use her middle name and speak in a deep voice.

Back home after the war, Ed met a struggling radio producer named Fred Friendly. Two men could scarcely have been less alike, Murrow urbane and reserved, Friendly ebullient and aggressive. Working together, they

himself to be dragged in front of a camera. His and Friendly's maiden effort, *See It Now*, evolved into the first television documentary series. One fact suggests the tenor of these landmark programs. Cigarette commercials accounted for millions in network revenues, and although Murrow was a heavy smoker, he and Friendly did two broadcasts linking smoking and lung cancer—nine years before the Surgeon General's report branded cigarettes as a health threat. Week after week, Murrow and Friendly took America by the lapels, at least for a half-hour, and said, "Forget the pap and face reality."

Don Hewitt, who would himself make television history as the creator of *60 Minutes*, directed many of those programs. "Television was never the same after the first *See It Now*," Hewitt says today. "Ed Murrow made owning a television set respectable."

By 1954, Murrow was the medium's highest-paid figure (\$130,000 per year), apart from people who sang or told jokes. Ironically, his fame came not so much from *See It Now* as from the live interviews he did with celebrities—Marilyn

## My Last Hero

appeared as a correspondent on our first *See It Now* broadcast with a "remote" report from Washington, I told Murrow of a colleague's reaction: She liked the broadcast, yes, especially Sevareid, because "he was loaded with sex appeal." "Well," said Murrow, smiling, "I guess we'll have to keep him the hell off the air." Sevareid, of course, was a Murrow Boy, and with Murrow's backing he became one of the most influential figures in broadcasting.

Friendly knew how honored we were to labor in Murrow's shadow and worked us to the bone. The phone would ring at 3 A.M., wherever the hell we were, scattered around the world. Friendly on the phone: "Joe, Ed wants . . ." I'd snap to attention and salute. I knew it really was Fred wants, but I also knew that when it came down to the final edit, it would be something Ed would want also.

When my cameraman Charlie Mack and I sent in our film on "The Case of Lieut. Milo Radulovich," Friendly got on the phone. "You're fired," he bellowed,

"I'm fired, Ed's fired, but we're going to turn out the greatest broadcast ever done on television!"

The Radulovich case involved a young Air Force Reserve weatherman who had been dropped from the service in the age of security madness. The Air Force secretly accused his father and sister of holding radical views. There were no complaints against Milo Radulovich. He was given to understand that if he publicly repudiated his father and sister he might get his com-

mission back. Radulovich said that wasn't what Americanism meant to him. He refused to "cut his blood ties."

On the program, Murrow was never more magnetic in his stark portrait of America going dark: "Whatever happens in this whole area of the relationship between the individual and the State, we will do ourselves; it cannot be blamed upon [Soviet Premier Georgi] Malenkov, Mao Tse-tung or even our allies."

There followed a public outcry. A few weeks later the Air Force announced on *See It Now* that Milo Radulovich had his commission back. (Today Radulovich, 63, works as a meteorologist for the National Weather Service in Sacramento, Calif. Still grateful, he calls Murrow "a great American.")

The McCarthy crowd was aroused. One of McCarthy's investigators, Don Surine, came up to me when we were covering the testimony of F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover. "Hey Joe," he said, "What's this Radwich junk you putting out?" I didn't need a road map to tell me there was trouble ahead. I started to say I had to rush off to the airport, but Surine cut me short.



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Lieut. Milo Radulovich on *See It Now*, 1953



Person to Person  
made Murrow rich,  
famous and faintly  
uncomfortable.





## On The Air



CBS PHOTOS

Murrow adversary Joseph McCarthy

Monroe, Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy, Fidel Castro—usually in their homes, on *Person to Person*. The show was fun and lucrative and enjoyed great ratings. It made Murrow a star, modestly rich and faintly uncomfortable.

That same year, Murrow decided the time had come to take on the man who gave his name to American demagoguery,

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. McCarthy had terrified the State Department, the Voice of America, even the Army, hurling his reckless charges of Communists in Government and ruining the careers of those few who dared oppose him. Murrow hated what McCarthy was doing to America.

On March 9, 1954, Murrow announced, "Tonight, *See It Now* devotes its entire half-hour to a report of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, told mainly in his own words and pictures." Viewers watched clips of McCarthy twisting people's words, watched McCarthy turning honest dissent into treason.

Network executives had wanted nothing to do with the program, refusing even to let the CBS logo promote it. Yet the McCarthy show produced the greatest avalanche of letters, phone calls and telegrams in CBS's history. Viewers supported Murrow by 10 to one. And, as Fred Friendly now puts it, "We achieved influence, like a great newspaper, like the *New*

*York Times*. We discovered that television could make a difference." The broadcast marked the beginning of the end for Joe McCarthy.

The McCarthy program also marked the pinnacle of Murrow's career. For six more years he would make documentaries—about racial bigotry, the Korean War, and, of course, the classic "Harvest of Shame" about the exploitation of migrant farm workers. And he made penetrating television profiles of figures from President Harry S. Truman to Grandma



GLOBE PHOTOS

On Harvest of Shame, 1960

## My Last Hero

"What would you say if I told you Murrow was on the Soviet payroll in 1934?" he asked. "Come on up to the office and I'll show you."

He told me to wait outside McCarthy's staff office and soon reappeared with a photostat of a Hearst newspaper front page, dated Feb. 18, 1935, containing an attack on the Institute of International Education for sponsoring a summer exchange program between American professors and their Soviet counterparts. The institute had the support of the leading educators in America; it conducted exchange seminars around the world. Murrow had been a 26-year-old up-and-comer in the I.I.E. and was merely mentioned in the Hearst "exposé" of the institute's seminar at Moscow University.

But this was enough for McCarthy. His crowd had dug up files on everybody. The implication was clear. Murrow was now a

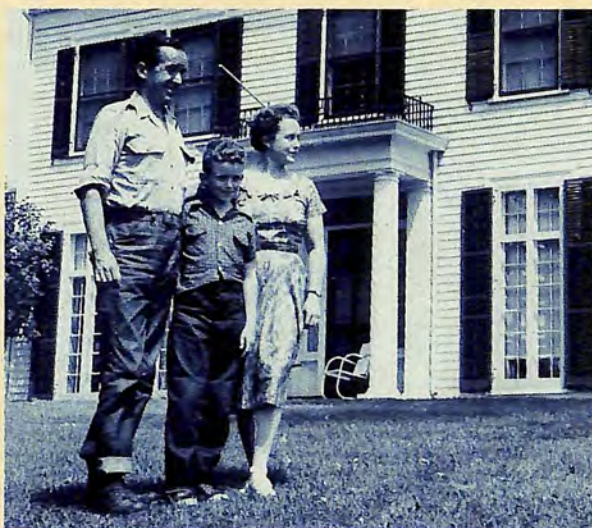


PHOTO FEST

With wife Janet and son Casey at their New York farm, 1955

full-fledged McCarthy target for having dared to broadcast the Radulovich story.

I asked if I could show the photostats to Mr. Murrow. Permission granted. "Mind you, Joe," Surine said, "I'm not saying Murrow's a Commie himself . . ."

Next came another weapon in the arsenal—the threat against a family member.

"It's a terrible shame," Surine said

offhandedly, "Murrow's brother being a general in the Air Force." I could feel the hair rise on the back of my neck.

The next night, I brought the "exposé" to Murrow. He was suffering a bad cold. He looked wan. He scanned the front page, reddened a bit, then a weak grin came over his face. "So *that's* what they've got," he said. It was the only time I ever heard Murrow privately or publicly concede that the fear with which McCarthyism was poisoning the soul of the nation had penetrated his soul as well.

But the next day, Murrow came up to me at the water fountain. He was over his cold. The pallor was gone. He drew his lips back and his large teeth looked ready to chomp a live bear. All he said was, "The question now is, when do I go against these guys?" Ed Murrow in a suppressed rage was a terrible thing to behold.

Over the next four months, while Murrow held the reins, Fred Friendly organized the material—mostly devastating clips of McCarthy himself—for the broadcast. What I remember most of that period were Murrow's comments on the kind of America he believed in. He said, "All I



# Murrow's Boys

**T**he team of reporters Edward R. Murrow recruited to help him cover World War II for CBS was the journalistic equivalent of baseball's Murderers Row, an all-star lineup who, even as they went on to build formidable reputations of their own, would always be "Murrow's Boys."

His first recruit, William Shirer, had been working in Germany for Hearst when Murrow tapped him for CBS Radio. In his diary Shirer noted, "I have a job if my voice is all right." Indeed, when CBS executives in New York first heard Shirer's high voice crackling over the airwaves, they told Murrow to forget it. Murrow responded with a bluntly worded query: Did CBS want a reporter with a mellifluous voice or an informed journalist? It was a hard sell, but Murrow prevailed.

Murrow also had to fight for a young United Press reporter named Eric Sevareid, who was afflicted with a disease known in the trade as "mike fright." His first broadcasts for CBS were comic disasters, replete with slurring, stammers, ill-timed pauses and rattling scripts. Murrow insisted that coaching and patience would carry the day. He urged Sevareid to relax. The reason he was hired, Murrow told him, was because "I like the way you write and I like your ideas."

In picking men like Shirer and Sevareid, Murrow sent a message that he valued substance over style, and in fairly rapid succession other bright young men of substance were recruited: Howard K. Smith, Charles Collingwood, Bill Downs, Larry Le Sueur, David Schoenbrun, Richard C. Hottelet and Winston Burdett.

Not everyone was enamored of Murrow's lofty standards, and there was, to be sure, an air of elitism about his team. Murrow himself was always impeccably groomed and tailored.

In fact a pair of flashy argyle socks almost cost young Charles Collingwood his opportunity. Years after he had proved himself with Murrow, Collingwood was stunned to learn that he almost hadn't been hired. "When you walked in wearing those god-awful socks," Murrow told him, "I had to wonder if you were right for us."

As time went on, discords would develop. But none would erase the special camaraderie these men had shared when they were pioneers in a new and challenging field. "Ed was our King Harry," Eric Sevareid recalls. "We rejoiced in being his comrades-in-arms. It was very much a case of 'we few, we happy few, we band of brothers.' And it pointed the way toward everything any of us did in the years that followed." —Gary Paul Gates

Moses. But television had become a money machine, and Murrow's brand of crusading was scaring off advertisers. In 1958, *See It Now*, described by one critic as "the most important show on the air," was canceled.

By 1960, Murrow, who always had a moody, brooding streak, felt defeated. Then, just as he was about to hit the ground, his parachute opened. President John F. Kennedy asked him to become Director of the U.S. Information Agency, America's chief propaganda voice abroad. Overseeing the Voice of America radio broadcasts, Murrow upgraded the agency's journalistic standards. In personal visits to its outposts around the world, he lifted the U.S.I.A.'s morale. He sat in on National Security Council meetings, and he produced documentary films. One of these, about the life of Martin Luther King Jr., infuriated some conservative members of Congress.

In the fall of 1963, Murrow, a four-pack-a-day smoker, underwent an operation for lung cancer. He quit smoking and tried to resume his job at the U.S.I.A. but lacked the strength. He tried to resign, but

President Lyndon Johnson would not accept his letter of resignation; LBJ had just taken over the White House from JFK and wanted no appearance of anyone jumping ship. Finally, however, LBJ let him go.

Eric Sevareid remembers the first night he ever spent in Murrow's company, more than a half-century ago, in London. Together they watched a prototype television demonstration. "Ed turned to me and said, 'That's the wave of the future,'" Sevareid recalls. He could not tell if the enigmatic Murrow meant for good or ill.

But Sevareid and those who followed now know that when television news is good it is often because the Murrow gene has been transmitted to a new generation. Or, as Jim Lehrer, of the *MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour*, puts it, "Every one of us in serious broadcast journalism has a spiritual father. It's Edward R. Murrow."

Murrow died of cancer on April 27, 1965, two days after his 57th birthday. At his passing many Americans wistfully remembered his trademark farewell, "Good night and good luck."

Indeed, his talent, honesty and courage were our good luck. ■

can hope to teach my son is to tell the truth and fear no man." And: "The only thing that counts is the right to know, to speak, to think—that, and the sanctity of the courts. Otherwise it's not America."

When we looked at the near-final cut of the McCarthy broadcast and the staff showed fear of putting it on the air, Murrow spoke a line that landed like a lash across our backs: "The terror is right here in this room." And later: "No one man can terrorize a whole nation unless we are all his accomplices." When someone asked what he would say on the McCarthy broadcast, he replied, "If none of us ever read a book that was 'dangerous,' nor had a friend who was 'different,' or never joined an organization that advocated 'change,' we would all be just the kind of people Joe McCarthy wants."

On the night of the broadcast, March 9, 1954, the night the spear was hurled against the terror that held America in thrall, Edward R. Murrow spoke words that should be handed down as legacy to every generation of Americans:

"We will not walk in fear, one of another. We will not be driven by fear into an

age of unreason if we dig deep in our history and doctrine and remember that we are not descended from fearful men, not from men who feared to write, to speak, to associate and to defend causes which were for the moment unpopular. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. There is no way for a citizen of the Republic to abdicate his responsibility."

Murrow was my last hero. ■



Author Wershba next to a bust of his hero

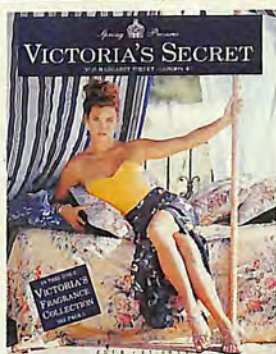
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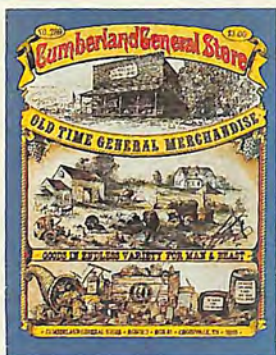
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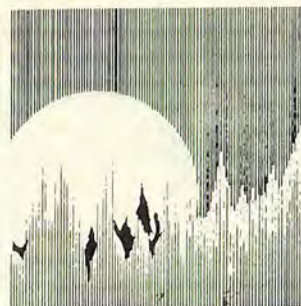
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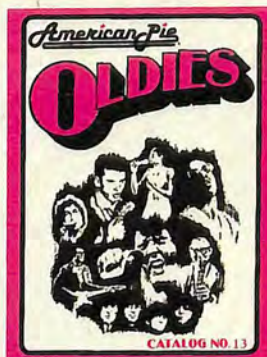


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# APRIL AND MAY 1970 20 YEARS AGO

## RADICAL DECISION

**May 29** The California Court of Appeal today reversed the voluntary manslaughter conviction of Huey P. Newton, co-founder of the militant Black Panther Party, on the grounds of "omitted instructions" to the jury and other errors that occurred during his eight-week trial. Convicted on Sept. 8, 1968, of killing an Oakland policeman, Newton had been sentenced to two to 15 years in prison.



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS (2)

**Update** Freed Aug. 5 on \$50,000 bail, the charismatic black radical faced two more trials for the Oakland killing, but both trials ended in hung juries. The charges were dismissed in 1979. The following year, Newton earned a Ph.D. in social philosophy. He returned to prison in 1987 for nine months on a handgun possession charge. In March 1989 he was sentenced to six months in prison for misappropriating public money designated for a school run by the Panthers. On Aug. 22, 1989, Newton was shot and killed on an Oakland street. He was 47 years old.



NASA/BLACK STAR

## UNLUCKY 13

**April 13** "I'm afraid this is going to be the last moon mission for a long time," radioed astronaut James A. Lovell Jr. from Apollo 13 after one of the spacecraft's oxygen tanks exploded 205,000 miles above the Earth. The blast, which crippled the command module's electricity and life-support systems, has forced Lovell and his crewmates, Fred W. Haise Jr. and John L. Swigert Jr., to abort what was to have been America's third moon landing. Worse, Mission Control has begun to fear that the ship and its crew might

be lost in space forever.

**Update** With no power in the command module, the spacemen relocated to the cramped but functional lunar module. Over the next four days, the crew navigated their wounded ship around the moon and back toward Earth with thrusts from the module's landing engines. On April 17, they climbed back into the command module, jettisoned the lunar module and splashed down unscathed in the Pacific Ocean only 800 yards shy of their target.

## TRASHY SUBJECT

**April 22** Millions of Americans joined the war against pollution by observing Earth Day, conceived by Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson and organized by Environmental Action Inc. Atlantans held a junk-bottle "pile-in," Girl Scouts in Washington dredged up debris from the Potomac, and in Tacoma, Wash., citizens on horseback demonstrated against auto emissions. As legislators prepared to take part in the events, a House subcommittee approved a bill to triple Federal funds for clean air research.



## Starts and Finishes

**April 10** Paul McCartney leaves the Beatles . . .

**April 19** Geology professor Rhodes W. Fairbridge announces discovery of ancient South Pole in the middle of the Sahara . . . **April 26** Gypsy Rose Lee, burlesque queen, dies of cancer at 56 . . . **April 28** In their latest book, *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, sex experts Masters and Johnson conclude that half of all American marriages are threatened by sexual dysfunction . . .

**April 30** President Nixon announces plans to send U.S. combat troops into Cambodia . . . **May 8** New York Knicks win NBA championship for first time, defeating L.A. Lakers . . . **May 9** Walter P. Reuther, 62, president of United Automobile Workers, dies in plane crash . . . **May 10** Bobby Orr scores in overtime to give Boston Bruins their first Stanley Cup since 1941 . . . **May 15** President Nixon nominates Col. Elizabeth P. Hoisington and Col. Anna Mae Hays to the rank of brigadier general; they will be the first two female generals in U.S. history . . . **May 31** Hundreds die in Peruvian earthquake that rocks half the country.



NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

## Arts and Letters

Pop hits include *ABC* by the Jackson 5 and *Let It Be* by the Beatles . . . *Deliverance*, by James Dickey, and Studs Terkel's *Hard Times* are published . . . Oscars go to *Midnight Cowboy*, John Wayne and Maggie Smith . . . Judy Carne stars in Broadway revival of *The Boy Friend*.





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## 20 YEARS AGO: BRIDGE TOPS THE CHARTS

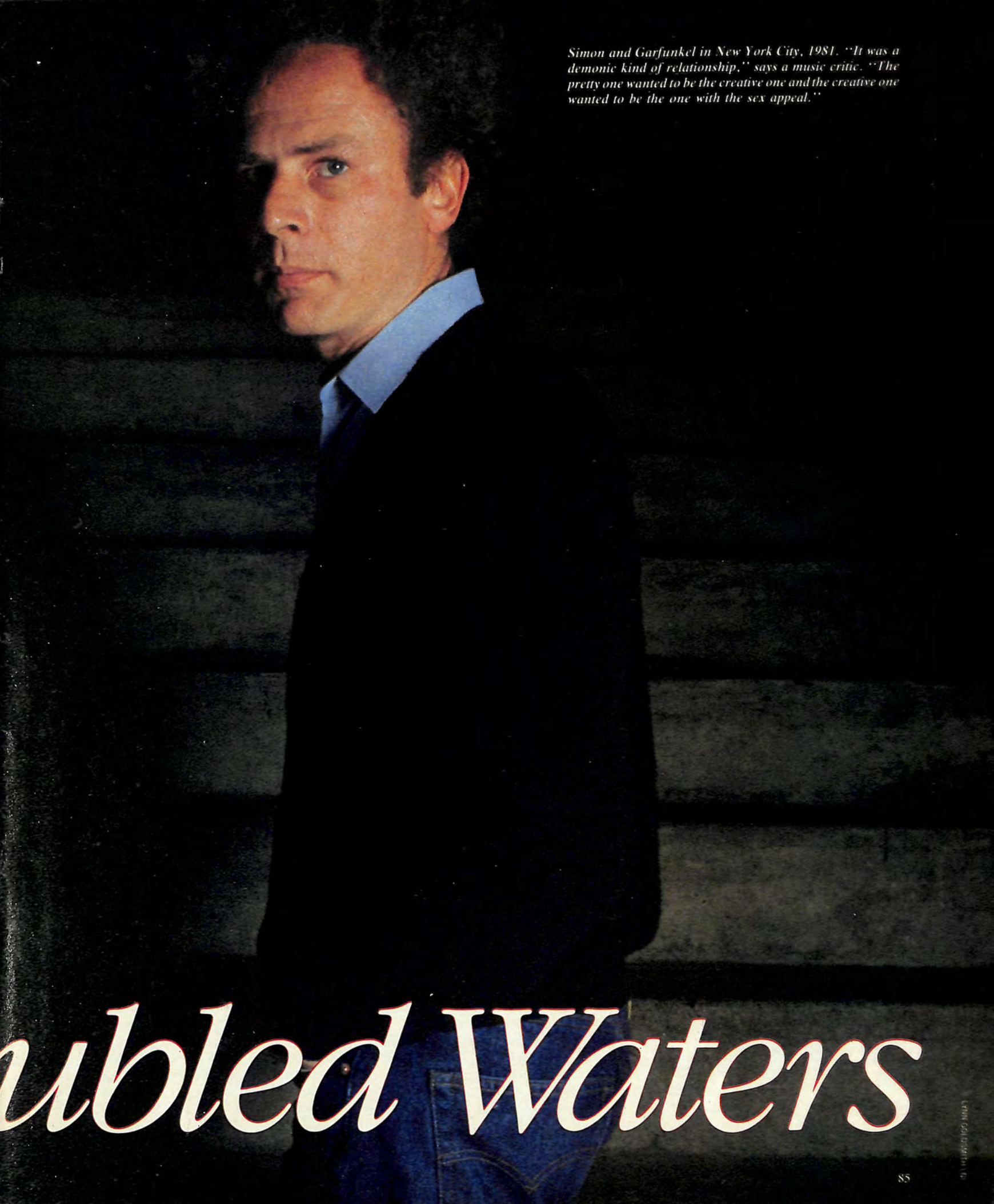
*From teeny-bopper beginnings, Simon and Garfunkel hit the heights. Did success cause the duo's breakup?*

**By Susan Elliott**



*Bridge* Tro





*Simon and Garfunkel in New York City, 1981. "It was a demonic kind of relationship," says a music critic. "The pretty one wanted to be the creative one and the creative one wanted to be the one with the sex appeal."*

# *troubled Waters*



**N**o one saw it coming. Not the success. Not the break-up it precipitated.

At the time Columbia Records released Simon and Garfunkel's "Bridge Over Troubled Water" in early 1970, *Billboard*'s Top 40 chart was dominated by rock and roll. "Bridge," a melancholy gospel-ballad featuring tenor Art Garfunkel and written by partner Paul Simon, was a stirring melody all right, but the pair thought it was too pretty and too much of a ballad to make it as a hit single.

Despite the skepticism, Simon's spiritual song of comfort struck a responsive chord with Americans weary of the war in Vietnam. By April 1970, the tune had topped the charts for six weeks running, en route to becoming the year's biggest-

SUSAN ELLIOTT, former managing editor of High Fidelity, is a New York-based journalist who writes frequently about music.

STAR FILE



Tom and Jerry made "Hey Schoolgirl" a hit.

MICHAEL OCHS ARCHIVES

selling single. The album it appeared on, also called *Bridge Over Troubled Water*, became the year's top seller and earned five Grammys. Estimates of the album's sales to date go as high as 15 million, making it one of the biggest sellers ever.

But while audiences couldn't seem to get enough of the sweet-voiced duo, rumors were circulating that the singers had had their fill of each other. There had been disagreements before, but work on their earlier albums—*The Sounds of Silence* and *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* in 1966; *The Graduate* and *Bookends* in 1968—had always gone smoothly. Before *Bridge* no one, not even rumor mongers, had ever mentioned a break.

But this was different. "There was just too much tension in the studio all the time," recalls Jerry Garfunkel, Art's younger brother, a computer-language consultant. "A little tense, to say the least," echoes Roy Halee, the team's longtime producer and engineer. "Both of them are very strong in their opinions."

"They knew they needed some time off from each other," adds the younger Garfunkel. "After all, they've known each other since they were 9."

Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel were born within three weeks of one another in the fall of 1941 and grew up as neighbors in middle-class Forest Hills, Queens, a few subway stops from Manhattan. Simon first heard his future partner sing "They Tried to Tell Us We're Too Young" in the auditorium of P.S. 164; their first joint performance was in an elementary school production of *Alice in Wonderland*.

By the time they were 14 they were singing doo-wop with a local group, *The Sparks*, and harmonizing as a duo at school dances. Milton Fink, the head of Forest Hills High's music department, doesn't remember either of the famed alumni. And classmate Ronnie Spellman says the two were elusive. "They didn't hang out with the general crowd—they weren't into sports or anything. They were more serious and on their own, working on their music."

But there was method to their musical preoccupation. "When you're 16 years old and you're on stage in your white bucks and a red coat with your friend, you get girls," says Jerry Garfunkel.

The youngsters' talent went beyond attracting girls. When in 1957 Manhattan song-plugger Sid Prosen heard the 16-year-olds in a recording studio cutting their own two-dollar demo of *Hey Schoolgirl*, he convinced them to change their

names (Art chose Tom Graph, Paul picked Jerry Landis) and signed them on the Big Records label. The song rose as high as 49 on the charts and sold 100,000 copies.

Not long after the song's release, in November 1957, Tom and Jerry appeared on television's *American Bandstand*. The young singers had a tough act to follow: Jerry Lee Lewis performing his number-one hit, *Great Balls of Fire*.

Despite the national exposure, Tom and Jerry, like so many musical teams of the day, proved to be one-hit wonders. The strain nearly spelled the end of their friendship. "Paul and I had a big falling out . . . after we had that initial hit in high school," Garfunkel said in a 1989 interview. "We weren't each other's friends in the ensuing four years."

Paul went off to Queens College to study English literature, Art to Columbia University, where he majored in art history. Each continued singing, and Paul kept writing songs. He also began producing and arranging song demos for groups like the Fleetwoods and the Passions.

During breaks, Simon traveled to England to perform on the folk circuit there. Back in New York he performed in Tin Pan Alley by day, and at night he sang in Greenwich Village, where he was called "a suburban Bob Dylan."

Finally, Simon found his musical footing at Gerde's Folk City in New York. "Paul would come in once in a while and sing in the hootenanny," recalls owner/operator Mike Porco. "I liked the kid very much. One day, I asked if he wanted to work for one or two weeks. He told me he was working with another fella, and could he come too, so I said sure."

Simon and Garfunkel made their official debut under their own names on March 30, 1964. Reactions were mixed. "People liked it," recalls Porco, "although I didn't care so much for the other guy. He just stood there like a statue." Louie Bass, the club's doorman at the time, remembers thinking, "They'll never make it."

After hearing "He Was My Brother," a song written by Simon, Columbia producer Tom Wilson arranged for him to make an audition tape. Simon asked to have Garfunkel included on the demo. Roy Halee, the staff engineer assigned to them, remembers being charmed by the quality of their sound. "It was so different, so interesting," says Halee, who has continued to work with both men.

Their first album, released in the fall of 1964, was an acoustic, folky affair titled



*Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.* Though the cover language promised "exciting new sounds in the folk tradition," the album failed to generate much excitement. Discouraged, Paul went back to England, and Art went back to Columbia University to work on a master's degree. But when Boston students lined up to buy the *Wednesday* album after hearing "The Sounds of Silence," one of the cuts from it, on a local station, Columbia Records added instrumental backing to the song and re-released it as a single. By November 1965, it had reached number one.

Now the massive machinery of the record business began to grind, and Paul and Art were rushed back into the studio. In three weeks they produced a new album, *The Sounds of Silence*, with the revised "Sounds" as its centerpiece. Ultimately two more hit singles, "Homeward Bound" and "I Am a Rock," would be spawned from it. After the false starts, Simon and Garfunkel were en route to becoming the most commercially successful folk-pop act of the day.

"They seemed as brothers, with one more like a choirboy," says *New York Times* pop music critic Stephen Holden. "Garfunkel had the sex appeal and was pretty. He was the soft, poetic, scholarly, earnest one. Simon was the creator."

Hot on the success of *Sounds*, Columbia released *Parsley, Sage, Rosemary and Thyme* in November 1966. Several hit singles and two years later, Paul earned a

AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



*The Bridge* album won five Grammys and sold 15 million copies.

Grammy for Best Original Score for Mike Nichols's film *The Graduate*. The film's theme song, "Mrs. Robinson," was named Record of the Year. The pair's next album, *Bookends*, was released in 1968 and, like *Parsley*, eventually became a million-seller.

By the time work began on *Bridge*, in 1969, the pair enjoyed the absolute confidence of CBS Records, which gave them the luxury of unlimited time in the recording studio. Hal Blaine, who played drums on *Bridge* and several other Simon and Garfunkel albums, says the album cost about \$150,000 to produce, six times the

average. "With Paul and Artie there was no hurry," says Blaine. "We always had carte blanche to do anything we wanted creatively."

As the *Bridge* work began, all was harmony. After all, Paul had written *Bridge* specifically for Art's voice. He had based the song on the hymn "O Mary, Don't You Weep." The hymn's lyrics included "I'll be your bridge over deep water."

When, in mid-recording, Garfunkel left for Mexico for six months for a role in the film *Catch-22*, Simon wrote "The Only Living Boy in New York" to reassure his partner: "Tom, get your plane right on time/I know your part'll go fine/Fly down to Mexico . . . Here I am/The only living boy in New York."

But the pair had problems that went deeper than logistics. Musically, they had been drifting apart for some time. Paul wanted to continue experimenting with gospel and Latin music; Art was happier in a traditional folk-ballad vein.

"It was a demonic kind of relationship," says *Times* critic Holden. "They were chained to each other. The pretty one wanted to be the creative one and the creative one wanted to be the pretty one with the sex appeal and the pretty voice. There was tremendous competition."

The problems were only exacerbated by the success of the album in general and the title song in particular. "I wrote the song," Simon said of "Bridge" in *Esquire*. "I knew Artie was going to sing it, and he sang it better than I did. But it was such a huge hit—I was standing off in the wings, and the full impact of the hit was going to be Artie."

The breakup was a non-event, at least in



JIM ANDERSON/WOODFIN CAMP

Fans loved a Central Park reunion, but the partners feuded throughout.



celebrity terms. In an interview in *Rolling Stone*, Simon, who initiated the rift, said he would like to work with different groups, spread his musical wings. Garfunkel said little.

Garfunkel concentrated on his acting career, Simon on his music. His first solo record, *Paul Simon*, released in 1972, generated two hit singles, "Mother and Child Reunion" and the Latin-flavored "Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard." It was also in 1972 that his first wife, Peggy, gave birth to a son, Harper.

Occasionally, Simon and Garfunkel would get back together, with mixed success. In 1972 they performed at a Madison Square Garden fundraiser for Presidential candidate George McGovern. ("They stood at the mikes looking straight ahead, like two commuters clutching adjacent straps on the morning train," reported *Rolling Stone*.) And in 1975, they appeared together on *Saturday Night Live*. ("So you've come crawling back," Paul reportedly quipped.) But a lasting reconciliation was not in the cards. "I can't go back and do anything with Artie," Simon told *Newsweek*. "That's a prison. I'm not meant to be a partner."

While both men have recorded the same number of solo albums, and though Garfunkel clearly possesses the better voice, Simon's career has been far more successful: *Still Crazy After All These Years* won 1975 Grammys for Album of the Year and Best Male Pop Vocal Performance and spawned his first number-one single since "Bridge," "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover." The lyrics draw on his 1975 divorce from Peggy.



A 1972 gig for George McGovern was frosty.



At their January induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, the ex-partners were cautiously courteous toward each other. "I want to thank God for giving me this voice," Garfunkel said, "and thank Paul for putting these great songs through me. They have enriched my life." Simon quipped, "Artie and I agree on almost

nothing, but we do agree that I have enriched his life."

Simon alluded several times to their decades of feuding, and he recalled the time of their greatest triumph: "It was all over after *Bridge*. We were so young we didn't realize we were on the trip of a lifetime."

It was also in 1975 that Garfunkel was divorced from his wife of three years, Linda Grossman. In 1979, his lover, Laurie Bird, committed suicide. He was devastated. "Laurie was the greatest thing I ever knew in my life," he said at the time. "Now I've lost it."

Simon, too, took a knock when his 1980 autobiographical film, *One Trick Pony* (which he wrote, scored and starred in), flopped at the box office. When he was approached about performing in a concert in New York's Central Park, Simon sought comfort in the familiar and invited his old partner to join him.

Trouble began in rehearsals. "It was a perfect example of the musical division between Art and Paul," says Garfunkel's brother. "Paul had taken on a large band. Art was still in favor of a quiet context—just the two of them plus guitar. There was a real clash in professional judgment, and it just kept building." Paul said later that "the rehearsals were miserable. Artie and I fought all the time."

Nonetheless, on Sept. 19, 1981, as both men approached their 40th birthdays, nearly half a million people gathered in Central Park's Sheep Meadow to see them reunited. "Hearing their voices again, with that wonderful, warm blend," said a fan, "was like hugging your old teddy bear." Despite all the backstage tensions, the show was an enormous success, one

worth taking on the road.

For the next year and a half, they toured the U.S., Europe and the Far East. "It was really bad news for them during that tour," says Jerry Garfunkel. "It was a strain each night to go on." "We were hardly speaking," said Paul.

Following the tour Simon completed a new album, *Hearts and Bones* (1983), some of which deals with his troubled relationship with actress Carrie Fisher. (After five years together, they married in 1983, only to divorce a year later.) Though Garfunkel had recorded several of the songs, in the end Simon stripped those vocals from the recording. The two did not speak again for several years.

*Hearts and Bones* was Simon's most musically varied and lyrically intriguing effort in years. It was also his worst seller in two decades. In search of a new musical inspiration, Simon left for South Africa and began work on *Graceland*, which would be released in 1986.

At about the same time, Garfunkel started work on *The Animals' Christmas*, a cycle of songs for children's chorus and orchestra by composer Jimmy Webb. Eventually, each of the former partners spent hundreds of hours and employed dozens of musicians (and, in Paul's case, spent two million dollars) to create their new albums. Consciously or not, they were back in competition.



While Garfunkel's effort turned out to be an overproduced tangle of voices, Simon's innovative *Graceland* proved to be a true artistic achievement. "He left Garfunkel in the dust," says Holden. The album, which sold three million copies and earned two Grammys, was a stirring fusion of Simon's urban sensibility with American rock and roll and Latin and South African folk styles.

Initially, Simon was criticized for recording five of the tracks in Johannesburg; in so doing, his detractors said, he violated America's unofficial cultural boycott of South Africa. He was further criticized for helping himself to the music of the black musicians who joined him on the album. "The black musical leaders took a vote about whether they would lend support to

this album," Simon said, "and they let me go ahead." Supporters point out, too, that several of the musicians receive royalties from the album, and others were paid triple the standard rates.

Simon's forthcoming projects include a possible Broadway show and an album of Latin music due for release later in the year. "We've been recording percussion tracks in Brazil, bringing them back to New York and editing the hell out of them to make up songs," says Halee. "It's a big project. Paul's obsessed with it." The record has been several years in the making.

Simon, who lives in Manhattan, is said to be seeing Carrie Fisher again. Last summer he was spotted at a baseball game with Garfunkel and Kim Cernak, a fashion model and one-time rock singer, whom

Garfunkel married in September 1988. The couple also lives in Manhattan.

"I've been spending more time with Paul lately," reports Garfunkel, "which is unusual for the past decade." In January, the pair were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. To coincide with the honor, Columbia Records issued a Compact Disc package of 58 of their hits.

Inevitably, the timely togetherness has raised hopes of yet another reconciliation. "That's so corny," Garfunkel answers. "Why does the media persist so? If you know any couple who have been divorced and you hound them about will they get back together again, they're finally going to pour coffee in your dress," he laughs. "The real answer is who knows? I don't see it in the cards myself." ■

## State of the Art

In 1983 I was on a motorcycle in the Alps and I knew I was going to be finished touring with Paul soon," Art Garfunkel told MEMORIES, referring to his last tour with former partner Paul Simon. "I thought, 'What creative games shall I get into now? I think I'll play the game of putting words together.'"

"A first phrase came to me—'There is a law to the descent'—as I started coming down from the high Alps. That tripped me off into describing the different strata as I went down. Before I knew it, I was into the game of words." *Still Water*, a collection of autobiographical prose poems that grew out of that game, was published last year to lukewarm reviews.

"I was very poor in English in college," he continued. "I never thought I had any particular aptitude. But I guess from hanging out with Paul, I have a feeling for the fun of putting really good language together."

Has he written songs? "No, I never faced the challenge of putting words and music together and saying, 'Here's the song.' Maybe I'm blocked in that area. I would not enjoy the inevitable comparisons [to Simon]."

In addition to writing, Garfunkel has spent the past five years walking—across America. "I'm doing it in sections," he explained. "In 1989 I did six sections, from Noble, Ill., to Garland, Neb. Each section was about 100 miles. Walking is about air, singing, writing, the Sony Walkman, slowing down. It's about peace



Garfunkel wed model Kim Cernak in 1988.

in the belly, it's about breathing, it's about being upright, it's about unplugging the circuitry of modern life.

"On the Walkman, I listen to the few singers I really think can sing, and I sing along. James Taylor is one. I listen to things I think I might sing on tour."

For the past two years Garfunkel, who plays a sweet guitar, has toured with keyboard player Nicky Hopkins. Last year they performed in Holland, Scandinavia, Germany and France. "It was just guitar and keyboards," said Garfunkel. "It went down very well. I was more entranced with stage performing than I ever have been. I was very slow through the years to get comfortable on the stage. But it has come to me more and more, particularly without Paul. I like working solo and having my elbow room."

Garfunkel said that giving up cigarettes had given him "a nice, clear sound now. I enjoy singing a lot. I'm turning over a new

leaf. In 1989 I finally cleared away [former live-in girlfriend and 1979 suicide] Laurie Bird's things. I took her death terribly and remained moody over it through much of the 80's. I had a hard time finally putting her things away, but I just did it a few months ago."

He said he has also been clearing the air with old acquaintances. "I seem to be really speaking my mind lately. So most of my personal people really have caught my wrath." He wrote out a list, he said. "And then I have little asterisks next to their names, connoting those who I patched it up with."

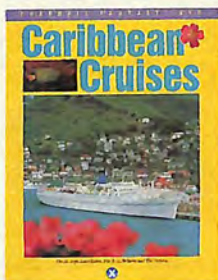
Paul Simon was one. "We had a really good, loud, speak-your-mind fest. It was great. We were at Montauk [on Long Island]. He poured a little wine and said, 'So, what is this thing?' and I said, 'Okay here are some things . . .'"

If Garfunkel ever harbored jealous feelings over his former partner's success, as some claim, he gave no evidence of it and sounded quite content with his own recent accomplishments. "I stayed off cigarettes for a whole year, I spent a month in Bali with my wife, I released a book of poems, I got elected to the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, I'm reading the Random House dictionary backwards from cover to cover—it's one of the hot books—and I rented a house in the Hamptons." Saving the best for last, he added that he and his wife, Kim Cernak, a model and rock singer he married in 1988, "have a baby coming along. That's even bigger than *Bridge!*" —S.E.



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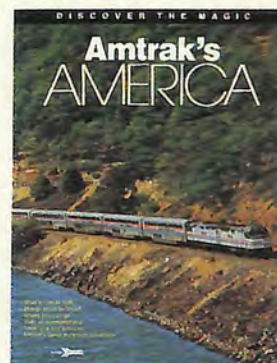
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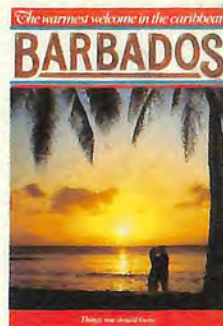


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1



# "THEY'RE KILLING US!"

20 YEARS AGO: FOUR ARE SLAIN AT KENT STATE

*In an America divided by the Vietnam War, National Guard troops fire on student protesters.* **By Mark Goodman**





It was my brother Pete on the phone, calling from a booth on the edge of the Kent State campus, where he was a junior.

"Mark! You've gotta get out here." He was sobbing. "They've just killed a bunch of kids!"

"What're you talking about?" I hadn't heard him cry since he was about three. "Who killed a bunch of kids?"

"The National Guard. They just fired into us, and some kids are dead, and there's blood all over . . ."

"Can you get home all right?" I asked. Then, as it sunk in, "You okay?"

"Yeah, I'm okay. I was on the other side from the shooting. God, I can't believe . . ."

I snapped on the radio to hear the dreadful confirmation. National Guard troops, brought in over the weekend to quell antiwar protests, had fired a volley into a crowd of students. Later I—and the world—would learn that four were killed, nine wounded. One of the wounded, Dean Kahler, would be paralyzed for life.

It was Monday, May 4, 1970, as it happened, the day before my 31st birthday, and I had come home to Cuyahoga Falls, 10 miles from Kent State in northeastern Ohio, to celebrate. Then a movie critic for *Time*, I phoned an editor at the magazine to volunteer my help in covering the story, an offer gratefully accepted.

Within minutes, every media enterprise in the country would be looking for help.

MARK GOODMAN is author of *Hurrah* for the Next Man Who Dies, a novel, and is writing a book on *Time Inc.*



May 2: Students raze the R.O.T.C. building.

The Kent shootings had been swift, savage and wholly unexpected. This wasn't Harvard or Berkeley but a school of 21,000 students of generally modest, middle-class aspirations. Until that day it was best known for its wrestling team.

The protests had been triggered at Kent—as they were on campuses across the country—by President Nixon's April 30 announcement that "in cooperation with the armed forces of South Vietnam, attacks are being launched this week to clean out major enemy sanctuaries on the Cambodia-Vietnam border." The attacks included penetration into Cambodia itself.

The student antiwar movement had foundered over the past year as a kind of protest exhaustion descended over the nation's campuses. But Nixon's Cambodia speech and his attack on student activists the next day ("bums," he called them) galvanized the movement once again.

By now the nation was clearly polarized on Vietnam. Only a month earlier, Vice President Spiro T. Agnew had said, "One modest suggestion for my friends in the academic community: The next time a mob of students, waving their non-negotiable demands, starts pitching bricks and rocks at the student union—just imagine they are brown shirts or white sheets and act accordingly."

In the wake of the Cambodia "invasion," students at more than 400 colleges called for a boycott of classes on May 1, a Friday, forcing many schools to shut down. At Kent State, where there was no strike, students did bury a copy of the Constitution, claiming Nixon had "murdered" it.

That same Friday evening crowds of students, many drinking beer, spilled into the streets of downtown Kent, shouting antiwar and anti-Agnew slogans. The demonstrators blocked off a street with cars and built a trash bonfire. Some smashed storefront windows, prompting Mayor LeRoy Satrom just after midnight to declare a state of civil emergency and to order all bars and theaters to close. To keep protesters from making Molotov cocktails, he prohibited the sale of gasoline in containers. He also ordered an 8 P.M. curfew in town and a 1 A.M. curfew on campus.

As some students joined shopkeepers downtown in the morning cleanup, Mayor Satrom requested the assistance of the National Guard, saying the local police could "no longer cope with the situation."

Three days earlier, Ohio Gov. James Rhodes, faced with a wildcat Teamsters strike, had called up the Guard to patrol the state's highways against the very real threat of striking snipers. Driving from the airport on the Ohio Turnpike, I saw a number of young Guardsmen on the overpasses. It was from these units that the troops, their nerves rubbed raw, came to quash the demonstrations at Kent.

Saturday night, students boiled out onto the campus. Some set fire to the R.O.T.C. building, which burned to the ground. That fire—and an impending election—brought

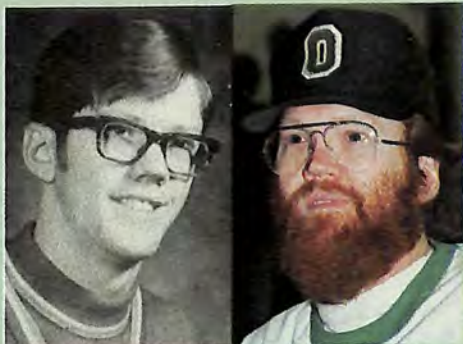
*When National Guardsmen tried to disperse the crowd with tear gas, students retaliated with stones, gas canisters and antiwar epithets.*





# "Hard to forgive, hard to forget..."

By Delphine Taylor



JIM BARONIBARON PHOTOGRAPHY

"I like Kent State," says **Dean Kahler**, who was a freshman in 1970. "I made good friends there. It just so happens that I got shot there." The conscientious objector from Canton, Ohio, who had participated in other antiwar demonstrations before the May 4 rally, admits he jeered and threw stones at the National Guardsmen that day. "They were all over the campus that weekend, walking up to students, nudging them with their bayonets and making them drop their books," he remembers, adding, "They had no right to break up our peaceful demonstration." As a farmboy who grew up around guns, he had assumed the Guard's rifles were loaded. "But I never expected them to shoot me. I wasn't doing anything wrong."

When he saw the Guardsmen lift their guns, he instinctively dived to the ground. Within seconds he felt the bullet that entered his spine. "I knew at once it was a serious injury," he says.

Kahler was left paralyzed from the waist down. After almost a year of rehabilitation he returned to Kent part-time and in 1977 earned a bachelor's degree in secondary education. He has been lecturing about the shootings since 1971 because, he says, "many people in Ohio didn't really know what happened. Many people felt the Guard should have shot more of us."

Kahler, 39, was recently elected to a second term as county commissioner of Athens, Ohio, where he lives with his second wife and stepdaughter. Although he has "forgiven the people who shot" him, he adds, "When you shoot your own sons and daughters, a lot of people will be wounded for a long time. Who knows how long it will take them to heal? It probably won't happen in my lifetime."

A week before May 4, **Alan Canfora**, a "very political, but not radical" Kent junior, had gone to the funeral of a childhood friend killed in Vietnam. With that much on his mind, he waved a black flag of mourning

at the May 4 rally and shouted antiwar slogans. He was standing at the bottom of Blanket Hill when he "saw some of [the Guard] on the right flank stop, turn and begin to fire. I was incredulous." As Canfora scrambled behind a nearby tree, a bullet passed through his wrist. "I'm convinced that tree saved my life," he says. Along with 23 other students and a professor, he was charged, five months after the incident, with inciting to riot. The charges were dismissed more than a year later.

Canfora, now 41, earned a master's degree in library science from Kent in 1980. He is the founder of the Kent May 4 Center, a nonprofit organization whose intent is to "reveal the truth about Kent State so that this kind of thing can never happen again." To that end, he lectures on campuses about student activism and the May 4 incident. He has also rallied students to protest the scale of the university memorial, which was reduced for lack of funds. "There is a necessity among the victims to address this issue," he says. "I'm not alone in my zeal."



JIM BARONIBARON PHOTOGRAPHY

Sophomore **Tom Grace** showed up at the May 4 rally after taking a history exam. "The climate was definitely adversarial," remembers Grace, who was tear-gassed as he shouted at the Guardsmen. After rinsing his eyes at a nearby dormitory, he returned to the Commons to find students and Guardsmen hurling rocks and tear gas canisters at each other. He was standing about 150 feet from the Guardsmen when he saw them turn and fire "in a line, all at once." He had taken only a few steps when a bullet struck him in the heel. "I was going to get up and try to run, but my roommate, Alan Canfora, shouted at me to stay down. I didn't know he had been hit too."

Grace, who feels there was a breakdown in Guard discipline, blames President Nixon for the incident: "He created the political climate that allowed for this to occur."

Grace also believes there were some good results. "It was a real exercise in democracy akin to what is happening in Eastern Europe. It proved that people can have an effect. It shook the foundations of the Nixon Administration and brought about an earlier withdrawal from Cambodia."

Grace, 40, graduated from Kent in 1972 with a bachelor's degree in history and political science and is working toward a master's degree in history at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is a social worker near Buffalo and also serves as president of the local branch of the Public Employees Federation. "As a union activist, I plan things very well," Grace says. "Back then, I don't think we students thought things through that clearly. We felt that if we were angry about a political situation, we would vent that anger, without considering what the repercussions might be."

Journalism student **John Filo** went to the May 4 demonstration to take pictures. "I remember seeing a student carrying a black flag moving down the embankment toward the Guard," he says, "and I remember thinking, 'This is my photo.'" Later, when the Guard retreated, turned and fired, "I thought it was scare tactics. I thought they were firing blanks. And I was thinking to myself, 'This is really stupid because someone could get their eye put out with one of those blanks.'" As students fled for cover, Filo kept his eye on the Guard through his camera's viewfinder. "I remember watching a Guardsman take aim, as I perceived it, right at me. I saw the gun go off and immediately a metal sculpture to my right shook and rang. Then I saw a piece of bark fly off a tree." By the time he realized the Guard was using live ammunition, the shooting had stopped. "I looked around and realized I was the only one standing," he remembers.

Filo's first thought was to flee, but when he saw Jeffrey Miller lying on the pavement only a few steps away, he stood firm. "I realized, 'Wait, where are you going? This is what you want to be, a photographer, and this is the situation you have to function in.'" As he focused, a young woman ran up and knelt down beside the body. He watched through his viewfinder, waiting for the realization of what had happened to



FRANK JOHNSTON/WASHINGTON POST



THE COMMUNICATOR



register on her face. "When she let out a scream, the debate I was having whether to shoot or not was suddenly over. I shot the picture."

Filo drove to his hometown newspaper, the *Valley Daily News* in Tarentum, Pa., the only place he knew where he could "process the film myself," and transmitted his photographs to the Associated Press. The following morning, the picture of the distraught young woman—later identified as a 14-year-old runaway, Mary Vecchio—appeared on the front pages of newspapers across the country. Filo's shot won a Pulitzer Prize, an honor that has always disturbed him, because "the only difference between myself and Jeffrey Miller couldn't have been more than four feet."

After graduating from Kent in 1972, he worked as a photographer for A.P. for almost 10 years. Filo, 41, is now graphics director for the *Baltimore Sun*. "It all worked for me that day," he says. "That's the part I can savor. I was very lucky."

**Charles Fassinger** was the senior uniformed National Guard officer on Blanket Hill on May 4. Most who gathered there that morning were "just students interested in what was going on," he says. But as numbers grew and hostilities swelled, "the group changed from a crowd to a mob." When students refused to disperse, the Guard fired tear gas. After that, says Fassinger, "most of the students that remained were not innocent bystanders, and they were not backing off. They were the ones who objected most vehemently to the Guard being on their campus."

Though Fassinger insists he neither fired nor gave any order to, he understands why some of the Guardsmen did shoot. When the students began "surrounding the Guard, armed with rocks, missiles and bottles," he says, "a few of the men felt that their lives were in danger."

Fassinger, 59, now heads a welding company in Cleveland. He still serves with the Ohio National Guard. "If there's anything we remember about the Kent shootings, it should be that a confrontation like that should never be allowed to happen again," he says. But he thinks the university's memorial to the slain students is inappropriate, "a disservice to the Guardsmen who risked their lives to be there."



**Jerry M. Lewis**, a professor of sociology at Kent, was a faculty marshal that May 4, and his function was to be a buffer between students and officials. "We were the resident good guys," he says, "though in retrospect it was a mistake that we were not trained." He was patrolling the Commons wearing his faculty marshal armband when he was tear-gassed by the Guard. He and a group of students fled to a parking lot. He was standing about 20 yards from Sandy Scheuer, one of the students killed, when the Guard opened fire. "We didn't know the guns were loaded," Lewis says. "Hell, I'd been in the Army and I'd guarded barracks with unloaded guns."

A specialist in crowd behavior, Lewis be-



gan writing articles about the incident "for my own mental health. I dreamed the shootings for over a year, and a way of catharsis is writing about it." He also co-authored *Kent State and May 4th: A Social Science Perspective*. Beyond raising doubts about the Vietnam War, Lewis believes the shooting raised a basic question: "Can a society control the force that is used against it?"

Still at Kent, where his son and daughter are now undergraduates, Lewis, 53, occasionally teaches a course around the events of May 4. "I've asked myself the question, why did I survive? I just feel it's my responsibility for people to get the facts straight."

**Robert Stamps**, a sophomore in 1970, remembers May 4 as if it were yesterday. "The people, names, smells, colors, places," he says, "are all so clear in my mind." Stamps, who had protested the war since 1965, says that President Nixon's April 30 announcement about U.S. troops in Cambodia "was a watershed event for a lot of students who before that had not been very political." It made the political climate on campus turn confrontational, he says. Gassed at the Monday rally, Stamps went to a dorm to wash. When he emerged, he joined students in the parking lot. Standing 600 yards from the Guardsmen, he saw smoke from their guns "two seconds before I heard any shots." He was hit in the back as he turned to run. "It felt like a dentist's drill



sped up a thousand times." Later, as Stamps was put into an ambulance, he remembers a student "calling me a communist and telling me that he hoped I would die."

After a summer spent in physical rehabilitation, Stamps returned to Kent and, in 1975, earned a master's degree in sociology. In 1979 he moved to San Diego, where he now teaches sociology at the University of LaVerne and writes materials for drug and alcohol treatment programs. "I was resented by so many people there," he says. "I was really exiled from Ohio." Stamps, 39, suspects that all the facts about the shootings have yet to be revealed and believes the state never fully investigated the causes. "I wish someone would offer \$100,000 to any Guardsman who would come forward and spill the beans about what happened that day. After 20 years, it's real hard to forgive, hard to forget."

"On other campuses, we could disperse people without any trouble," says **Sylvester T. Del Corso**, 77, who served as the Adjutant General of the Ohio National Guard from 1968 to 1971. "It was only at Kent State where they kept coming back." Del Corso was out of town on May 4 but he remembers that students welcomed the Guard when it came to Kent days earlier. "It was only a small percentage of the students who were troublemakers," he says, adding that the protests were orchestrated by "someone on the outside. Someone had to agitate those students and make them think they were doing the right thing. There had to be someone anti-American behind it."

Del Corso, who served 42 years in the Army, says the Guardsmen at Kent had been well trained. And, he says, they had every right to open fire. "They thought the students would overrun them and kill them with their own guns." After the killings, Del Corso recommended that the Guard replace live ammunition with shells loaded with wooden blocks. "It was a real tragedy that some had to lose their lives when they were doing something that was out of line," he says. "But at the time, I don't think we could have done anything different."



Governor Rhodes to Kent on Sunday morning. There, he ordered the National Guard to break up any campus gathering, no matter how peaceful. He called the demonstrators "worse than the brown shirts and the communist element and also the night riders and the vigilantes. They're the worst type of people that we harbor in America." Later that day, Guardsmen used tear gas to scatter students in a number of scuffles.

About 300 protesters gathered on the Commons Monday morning, a warm spring day. The Guard was also out in force; about 100 stood armed with bayonets fixed to their rifles. Shortly before noon, with the dismissal of classes, students poured out of buildings to swell the crowd to about 2,000, many of them curious bystanders. Across the Commons stood the Guard. A campus patrolman drove onto the Commons in a jeep and, through a bullhorn, ordered the crowd to disperse. He was answered with taunts and jeers of "Pigs off our campus!" and "One, two, three, four, we don't want your f---ing war." As the students got louder and more obstreperous, two lines of Guardsmen, their faces shrouded in gas masks, advanced on them. They fired tear gas canisters, several of which were hurled back.

The troops moved across the green and over the crest of "Blanket Hill," which faced Taylor Hall, the architecture and journalism building. In the ensuing confusion, the retreating students split into two groups. One headed downhill toward a complex of dormitories, the other milled around a parking lot and women's dormitory. Firing more tear gas, the Guardsmen forced the second group across an athletic field and back against a fence. Some retreating students threw canisters, rocks and other objects, which some of the Guardsmen picked up and threw back. After forming what some witnesses later described as a huddle, the Guardsmen began a ragged retreat, back up the hill toward Taylor Hall. At the crest, about 18 Guardsmen abruptly turned and formed a skirmish line. The sound of a shot—to this day in dispute—was heard by some witnesses. It was followed almost immediately by a staggered volley of rifle fire. (An F.B.I. investigation would determine that 61 shots were fired in 13 seconds, felling 13 students.) A Guardsman later told F.B.I. investigators that he had heard one young trooper cry out, "I shot two teen-agers! I shot two teen-agers!" Those hit went down like slain deer; other stu-

dents dove for the ground in terror; most fled for cover into Taylor Hall and nearby dormitories.

As eddies of blood spread across the pavement and over the ground, students in twos and threes began coming out of hiding to gather around fallen friends and colleagues. Shortly after 2 P.M., Robert White, president of the university, closed the campus for the remainder of the term. That afternoon, I watched students weighted down with bags and backpacks streaming out of the picture-book town like dazed refugees of a defeated nation.

Monday evening, the campus was as silent as a cemetery. The clusters of students that could be found were holed up in off-campus houses. I began interviewing them and the faculty to put together what had happened.

A journalism professor who had served in Korea told me he thought the Guard had been firing blanks. "Then I heard a chipping sound and a ping and I thought, 'My God, this is for real.' " He saw no Guard panic. "They were organized," he said. "They all waited, and they all pointed their rifles at the same time. It looked like a firing squad."

For me, the most telling report came from one of the last young men I spoke with, a young vet back from Vietnam. He had been watching from the sidelines, he said, when he saw a lieutenant brandish a pistol in one hand and drop his swagger stick with the other. "I spent the better part of a year in the Mekong Delta," he said in a dry, laconic voice, "and I know a firing order when I see one."

Within hours Adj. Gen. Sylvester T. Del Corso, commander of the Ohio Guard, and one of his assistants, Gen. Frederick P. Wenger, issued statements claiming that the Guardsmen had an-



*The F.B.I. determined that 61 shots were fired in 13 seconds, felling 13 people.*

swered sniper fire, a claim never corroborated. Later, Del Corso abandoned the sniper fire claim and retreated to "lives in jeopardy," an argument many of the Guardsmen themselves later denied. The F.B.I. would later determine there had been no sniper fire; it would further find no justification for the shootings.

As the news of the deaths spread, hundreds of campuses erupted in protest, much of it violent. In Madison, Wis., 3,500 students clashed with local police for several hours. More than 120 colleges and universities, including the entire University of California system, were shut down. Faculty and students at another 350 schools voted to strike. Effigies of President Nixon were burned.

The weekend after the Kent shootings, more than 100,000 protesters gathered in Washington. In an extraordinary move that caught his staff unaware, President Nixon paid a predawn visit to the Lincoln Memorial and talked to some 50 students there. "Try to understand what we are doing [in Vietnam]," he said. In his mem-



oors, Nixon later wrote that "those few days after Kent State were among the darkest of my Presidency."

The 20-page report I filed to my editors was written in language as cool and rational as I could make it. But the experience left me shaken and utterly unprepared for other reactions to the event in the days and weeks to come. Kent townspeople backed the Guard overwhelmingly. At *Time*, letters poured in condemning student violence. In New York, construction workers rioted to protest Mayor John Lindsay's declaration of a day of mourning for the slain students. And in a letter published in the *New York Times*, a Mississippi doctor wrote to his son about to enter Tulane University: "I have seldom heard of a student being shot at his study desk. When he goes in the open and contests the ground with the National Guard, he may very likely be shot—and very rightly."

Some in that polarized time saw the shootings at Kent as the response of frustrated parents, tired of their children's smart-alecky back talk, finally administering the whipping their ungrateful whelps so dearly deserved. As the wife of a prominent Akron evangelist publicly proclaimed, "I would rather see my sons dead, dead in their caskets, than to see them tear down the flag or insult their country like those kids at Kent."

In such a climate it is not surprising that



The R.O.T.C. fire brought Gov. James Rhodes (left) and Adj. Gen. Sylvester Del Corso (right) to Kent.

## THE FATALITIES



**Allison Krause**, 19, was a freshman opposed both to the Vietnam War and, ironically, to violent protest. The day before her death, she had placed a flower in the barrel of Guardsman's M-1 rifle and said, "Flowers are better than bullets."

**William Schroeder**, 19, who ranked second in his R.O.T.C. class at Kent, just happened by at the wrong moment. So did **Sandra Scheuer**, 20, a sorority girl later described by one of her roommates as "just



a happy kid, the one who made the jokes."

The fourth casualty, **Jeffrey Miller**, 20, was a psychology major who thought the war was wrong, but, according to one classmate, "wasn't sure what to do about it." It was over Miller's body that 14-year-old Mary Vecchio bent, one arm stretched wide, surely oblivious to the photographer who made her image a symbol of the tragedy. "My God!" she had cried. "They're killing us!" —M.G.

the parents of the Kent State dead found scant redress for their loss. An Ohio grand jury investigated, exonerated the National Guard and indicted 24 students and one faculty member for inciting to riot. (After 14 months and \$200,000 in court costs, the charges were dropped.) Attorney General John Mitchell refused to convene a Federal grand jury. His successor, Elliot Richardson, ordered an inquiry in 1973, and eight Guardsmen were charged with conspiring to violate the students' civil rights. After 10 days in court, the case was dismissed for lack of evidence.

Stunned by the indifference, even contempt, displayed toward the deaths of their children, the parents of the four dead and the nine wounded students filed a civil suit against the state of Ohio in Federal Court. After a bitter, 15-week trial that ended in August 1975, they lost. They won the right to a retrial but settled out of court in 1979 for \$15,000 per death, plus a document stating that "in retrospect, the tragedy . . . should not have occurred." Dean Kahler was awarded \$350,000 and the other victims received a total of \$265,000.

For 20 years, Kent State has grappled with the 13 seconds that will forever link its name to a national tragedy. Since 1971, the university catalog has carried a 300-word statement that describes the events. Each year the university holds a candlelight vigil and suspends afternoon classes so that students may attend a memorial service. The university has also dedicated a May 4 Resource Room containing books, papers and other materials about

the event. It also created an academic program, as the catalog reads, "with its own major, designed to help students and others learn from May 4, 1970."

In July 1977, when construction was about to begin on a gymnasium annex on ground close to where the students were killed, student and town protesters erected a tent city to block it. They felt the space should be kept clear in memory of the dead. After 62 days, police arrested 194 protesters, among them Martin and Sarah Scheuer, parents of one of the slain students. The gym was completed in 1979, though the plans were slightly modified in response to the protests.

On the 15th anniversary of the shootings, Kent State trustees announced plans to build a memorial to jointly commemorate those killed at Kent and in the Vietnam War. But plans were scaled down when fund raising failed to meet stated goals. The new memorial, composed of four granite beams, a walkway and 58,000 daffodils, representing the number of Americans killed in Vietnam, is scheduled to be unveiled May 4, 1990, the 20th anniversary of the shootings. George McGovern is scheduled to speak.

Many welcome the memorial, some deplore it, and others feel it is too little, too late. My own view is that history's vindication of the student protests—against a misguided and murderous war—will prove the more enduring memorial. And the blood of the children of Kent, like the damned spot on Lady Macbeth's hands, will never wash away. ■



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## SCRAPBOOK

# And the Winner Is ...

By Wendy Leonard

### EIGHT IS ENOUGH

February 1940

Though Walt Disney's first full-length animated feature, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*, grossed more than \$4 million at the box office, Academy members could not bring themselves to vote an animated film Best Picture of the year. Instead, they created a special award and invited 10-year-old Shirley Temple to present it. It was Disney's sixth Academy Award, but it brought his Oscar total to 13. How come? Temple delivered one Oscar for Miss White and seven for each of her little friends.

CULVER PICTURES



### GETTING HER GLOAT

February 1942

Rivals from the time they were strong enough to wrestle and pull hair, sisters Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland were pitted head to head in the most public of competitions. Both nominated for Best Actress in 1942, they had trouble veiling their animosity at the ceremony. Fontaine, the winner for *Suspicion*, stopped on the way back from the dais to squeeze her older sister's hand. Twenty-five years later, another set of sisters competed for one statue. Lynn and Vanessa Redgrave both lost gracefully.



FRANK TETI/NEAL PETERS COLLECTION

### HIGH SIGN

March 1976

Louise Fletcher carved out a private moment in the 1976 Oscar ceremony with her hands. Named Best Supporting Actress for her role as stern Nurse Ratched in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Fletcher turned to the camera to address her deaf parents in Birmingham, Ala. As eight million other viewers looked on, she signed her gratitude: "I want to thank you for teaching me to have a dream."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### ABOUT TIME

April 1969

Ruth Gordon, who played Mia Farrow's bewitching neighbor in *Rosemary's Baby*, had been making movies since 1915. Four times the Academy had called her to the Oscar ceremonies, and four times she had left empty-handed. At the 1969 Oscars, the writer and actress, then 72, finally stood, Oscar in hand, before her peers. "I can't tell you how encouraging a thing like this is," she said.



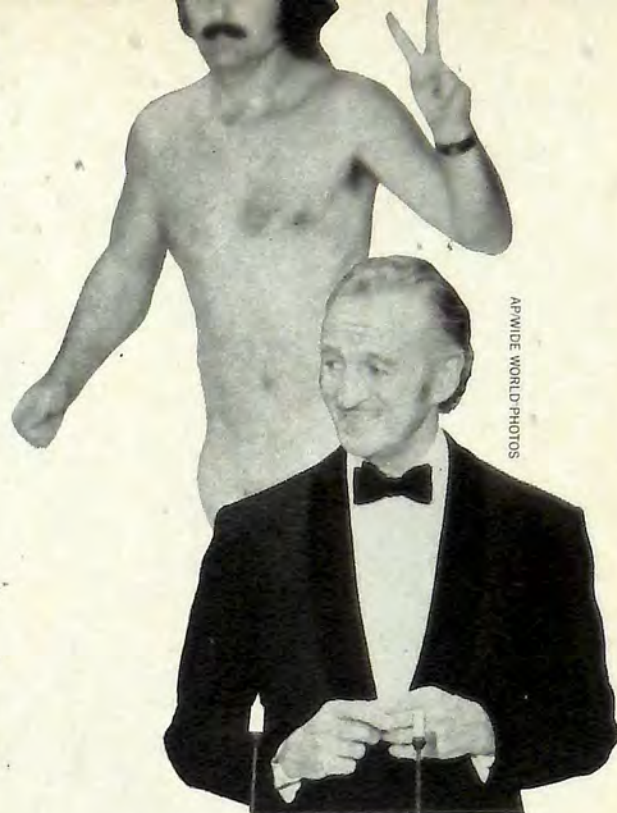


### SILENT KNIGHT

April 1972

The Little Tramp finally came home on Oscar night in 1972, returning from more than two decades of self-imposed exile to make peace with the talkie generation. Except for an honorable mention at the first Academy banquet in 1929 in recognition of his "versatility and genius," Charlie Chaplin had been ignored and slighted by the industry he had helped to create. Blacklisted in the

1940's on suspicion of Communist affiliation, he fled Hollywood and the U.S. Twenty years later, a giant movie screen flickered with a montage of Chaplin's films—he made 81 in his career—before rising to reveal the little big man. As he stepped toward the podium and presenter Jack Lemmon, the microphone crackled with feedback. The star waited for quiet and then spoke: "Words are so futile, so feeble."



AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

### NAKED CAME THE STRANGER

April 1974

David Niven was introducing Elizabeth Taylor when shouts and laughter broke out in the audience. Without an invitation—without even a tuxedo—a naked man upstaged the emcee. Niven recovered with a few words about the streaker's "shortcomings," and the orchestra played "Sunny Side Up." The cameo was made by Robert Opel, 33, who had gained entry by flashing a phony press pass. Soon afterward, Opel debuted as a stand-up comic at a Hollywood nightclub.

### BRAND 'O PROTEST

March 1973

Acting as Marlon Brando's proxy, Hollywood extra Sacheen Littlefeather dressed in ceremonial buckskin to decline the Best Actor award for Brando's title role in *The Godfather*. Brando enlisted Littlefeather to raise the film industry's consciousness regarding its treatment of Native Americans. "The question," *Los Angeles Times* reviewer Charles Champlin wrote, "is whether the gesture, in all its arrogant sincerity, succeeds in dramatizing or in trivializing the problem."



UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS

### OUTSTANDING IN HER FIELD

March 1985

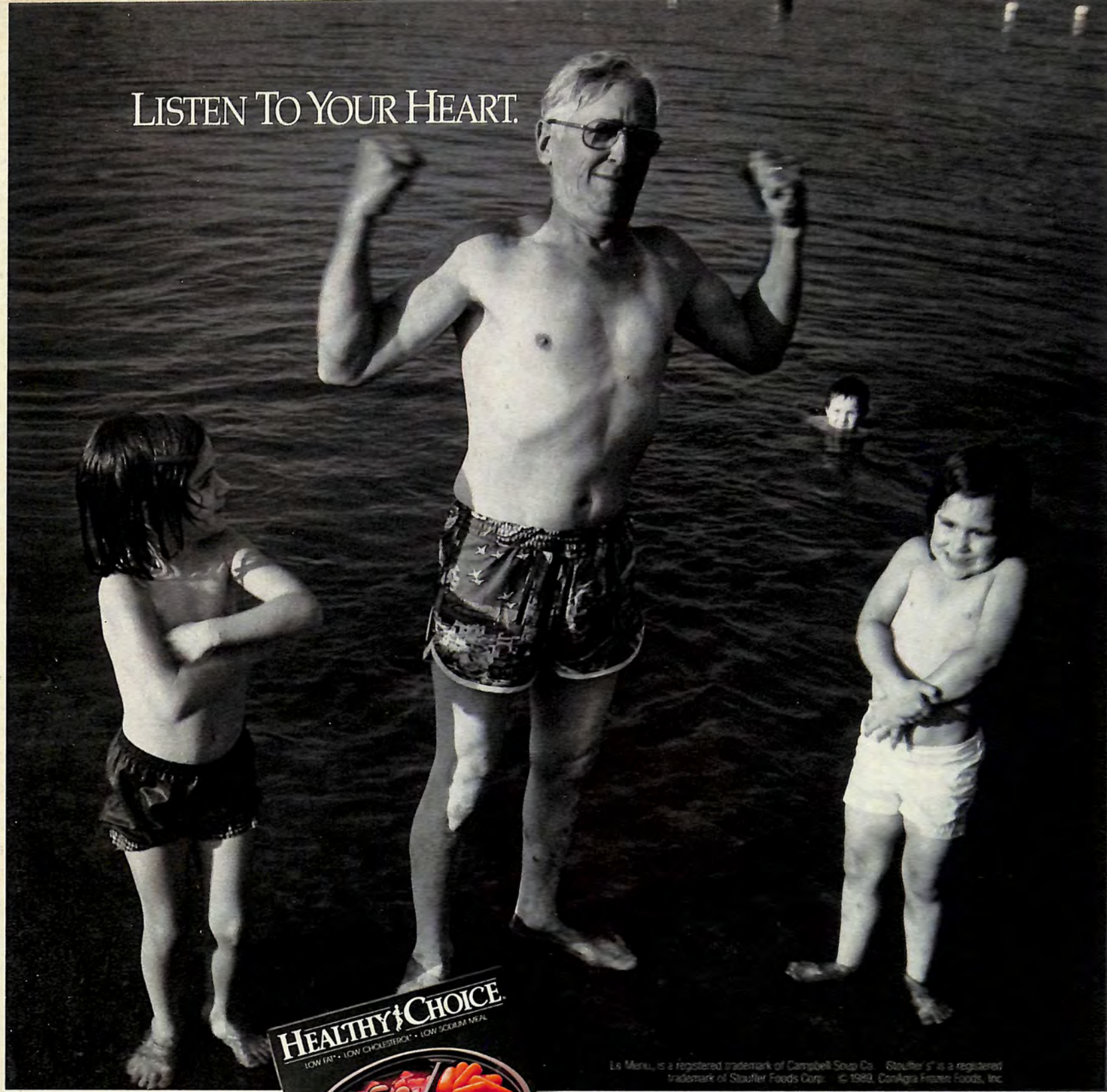
When Sally Field, who once described herself as "monumentally unsophisticated," picked up her second Best Actress Oscar in 1985 for *Places in the Heart* (she won in 1980, for *Norma Rae*), disarming honesty made her acceptance speech one of the most talked about in recent Oscar history. "I have had an unorthodox career," Field said, "and I wanted more than anything to have your respect. The first time I didn't feel it, but this time I feel it, and I can't deny that you like me, right now you like me!"

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# Bette, Joan and Oscar

By Shaun Considine

**D**uring the preliminary canvassing for the 1963 Oscars, Warner Brothers lobbied for Best Actress nominations for both Bette Davis and Joan Crawford for their roles in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?* But when the nominees were announced, only Davis had made the list (along with Anne Bancroft for *The Miracle Worker*, Geraldine Page for *Sweet Bird of Youth*, Lee Remick for *Days of Wine and Roses* and Katharine Hepburn for *Long Day's Journey Into Night*).

"But I always knew Bette would be chosen," Crawford said at the time, "and I hope and pray that she wins."

"That's so much *bull!*" Davis said later. "When Miss Crawford wasn't nominated, she immediately got herself booked on the Oscar show to present the Best Director award. Then she flew to New York and deliberately campaigned *against* me. She told people *not* to vote for me. She also called up the other nominees and told them she'd accept their statue if they couldn't show up at the ceremonies."

Newspaper columnist Dorothy Kilgallen reported that Anne Bancroft, then appearing in *Mother Courage* on Broadway and therefore unable to attend the Oscar ceremonies, had asked Patty Duke to accept for her. "But," Kilgallen went on, "Patty is also up for an award and will not be allowed to accept for Bancroft. So Joan Crawford will do the honors if she wins."

Bancroft was not the only nominee contacted by Crawford. Geraldine Page said Crawford followed a warm note of congratulations with a phone call. "I was tongue-tied, very intimidated in talking with her," Page said. "To me she was the epitome of a movie star. All I could manage was, 'Yes, Miss Crawford. No, Miss Crawford.' When she mentioned about accepting the Oscar for me if I won, I said yes. Actually I was relieved. That meant I

SHAUN CONSIDINE, a New York writer, is also the author of *Barbra Streisand: The Woman, the Myth, the Music*.



Bedecked for battle:  
Auburn wig and  
minilift for Bette  
(above), combat glitter  
for Joan.

wouldn't have to fly all the way to California or spend a lot of time looking for a new dress to wear."

The 35th annual Oscar ceremonies were held at the Civic Auditorium in Santa Monica, Calif., on the evening of April 8. Crawford spent that entire day in preparation. Her silver-beaded gown had been designed by Edith Head. Diamonds for her wrists, ears, and neck were on loan from Van Cleef & Arpels. Her hair, which had been washed and set and curled by her personal hairstylist Peggy Shannon, was dusted with a fine silver powder to match the rest of her combative glitter.

In her new Colonial-style house on Stone Canyon in Bel Air, Davis was also giving special attention to her appearance for the Oscar show. Her dress was also by Edith Head. Her face had been rejuvenated by minilift expert Gene Hibbs, and the evidence, adhesive tape and clips, was covered by a fetching auburn wig with bangs. Before leaving the house, Davis said she "had a long talk with my two tarnished Oscars on the mantelpiece. And I promised to bring them home a baby brother."

She felt certain that she would win. "I

was positive I would get it, and so was everybody in town."

Escorted by Cesar Romero, Joan Crawford was the first arrival at the Civic Auditorium. She "made a beeline for the fans, getting down on her knees to sign autographs for some of the blocked-off people," the *Hollywood Reporter* noted.

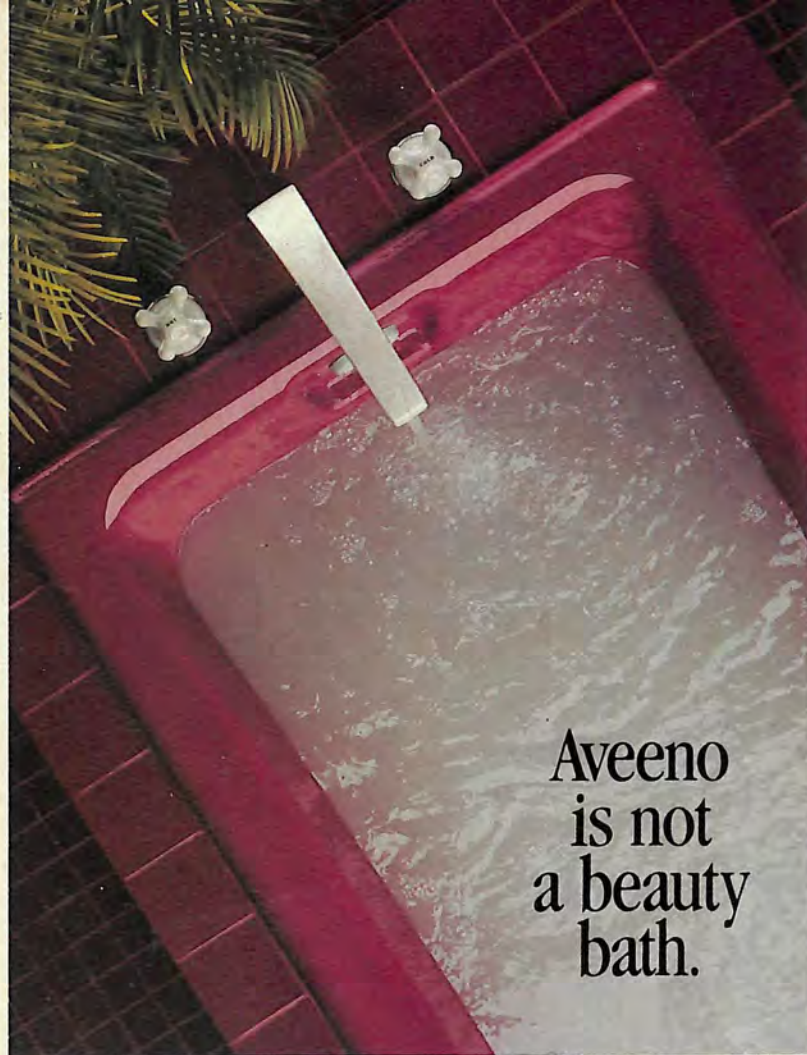
When asked by a TV reporter who she voted for in the Best Actress category, Joan deftly answered, "The winner!"

Bette arrived with daughter B.D., son Michael, and Olivia de Havilland, who told *Variety* reporter Army Archerd that she had flown in from Paris for this important occasion. "Bette deserves to win. She's the greatest and the industry owes her this," said de Havilland.

"Yes, I want that Oscar," Davis told Archerd. "I *have* to be the first to win three."

Backstage, Crawford held court. In the main dressing room she had a bar set up, with Pepsi coolers filled with bourbon, Scotch, vodka, gin, champagne, plus four kinds of cheese. She also had a large TV monitor installed, so her guests could watch the show as it unfolded on stage. "Look at that Eddie Fisher, giving [new-





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## EXCERPT

comer] Ann-Margret all the camera angles," said Crawford. "He sure has a way with the ladies."

Down the hall, in Frank Sinatra's dressing room, Davis sat holding hands with de Havilland.

As the major awards approached, Crawford, Bette and Olivia moved from backstage to the wings. Joan looked radiant, and to show her admiration, Bette Davis went up behind her to kiss her on the back of the neck. "Thank you, dear," Joan whispered. "It was the nicest thing a human being could do," Crawford told *Motion Picture* reporter Len Baxter, "so dear of her, so gentle, and I was deeply touched. I really thought we were friends."

"That *nevah* happened," said Davis when she was told of the quote.

To the strains of "Some Enchanted Evening," Joan swept on stage to present the Best Director award, to David Lean for *Lawrence of Arabia*. As Lean and Joan exited arm in arm, Davis came on stage to present the award for Best Original Screenplay. In an ad-libbed aside, she said that the screenwriters she had known "were among the surliest in Hollywood." After stumbling over the pronunciation of three foreign names, she ripped the envelope open and said the winners were "those three difficult Italian names, for *Divorce Italian Style*."

Then the big moment arrived—the Best Actress award. Contender Davis and surrogate receiver Crawford stood in the wings, three feet apart, chain-smoking. As Maximilian Schell read the names of the nominees, Davis handed her

purse to de Havilland. Opening the envelope, Schell paused, then announced: "The winner . . . Anne Bancroft for *The Miracle Worker*."

"I almost dropped *dead* when I heard Miss Bancroft's name," said Davis. "I was *paralyzed* with shock."

"Joan stood instantly erect," said TV director Richard Dunlap. "Shoulders back, neck straight, head up. She stomped out her cigarette butt, grabbed the hand of the stage manager, who blurted afterward, 'She nearly broke all my fingers with her strength.' Then, with barely an 'excuse me' to Bette Davis, she marched past her and soared calmly on stage in the incomparable Crawford manner."

"Bette bit into her cigarette and seemed to stop breathing," said Dunlap. "She had lost the award. Joan was out *there*—suddenly it was *her* night."

"I should have won," said Davis. "There wasn't a doubt in the world that I wouldn't. And Joan—to deliberately upstage me like that—her behavior was despicable."

"Disloyalty never entered my mind," said Crawford. "If Geraldine Page had won, I'd have been glad for her. I'm working for an industry, not an individual."

"The triumph of the evening," said *Time*, describing Crawford as she posed backstage with the winners. Said syndicated columnist Sidney Skolsky, "She kissed Gregory Peck, she kissed Patty Duke, she kissed Ed Begley. She would have kissed the doorman and the limo drivers too, if it meant she could get another photograph taken."

The next day, columnist Hedda Hopper summed up the event: "I was rooting for Bette. But when it comes to giving or stealing a show, nobody can top Joan Crawford." ■

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# Wolves of Significance

By Lance Morrow

**F**or some reason, when I read Mark Goodman's article on Kent State, I thought of the morning in 1969 when Mark's daughter Elizabeth was born. Mark phoned me at *Time*, where we both worked and were friends. He'd been up all night, through his wife's labor, and was sleepless and giddy, and we talked about children (I had none then and so merely listened), and Mark's voice was jumping with nervous life.

I remembered that moment as I read Mark's first sentences about Kent State—the call from his brother Pete, "They've just killed a bunch of kids!" Memory has a bias toward the personal, of course. But one's memories of the late '60s and early '70s mix public and private events together. The two were somehow fused, and everything that happened during that wild ride (Tet, Martin Luther King and Bobby Kennedy shot, the Chicago convention, the moratoriums, Kent State and all the rest) comes back now with a vivid intensity.

"We all need our memories," Saul Bellow wrote once. "They help to keep the wolf of insignificance from the door." In the late '60s, it was not the wolves of insignificance that were loose, but the reverse. The wolves of significance were everywhere, howling outside the door, leaping in through the open windows.

In early fall of 1984, I went to Kent State on a press plane carrying the reporters covering Ronald Reagan's race against Walter Mondale. The Kent State where the troops had opened fire on the young (actually the troops and the students were the same generation, the same age; they

merely had different roles) had become, in 1984, a triumphant pandemonium of Kent State students celebrating Reagan and the American idea, that year's Olympics and "going for it." The air was full of American triumphalism. Let Walter Mondale wander around the rust belt whining about injustice, the wimp. The noise inside the Kent State gymnasium was a wild, defiant storm meant to roll back across the other, depressive history of the campus. Reagan came on stage with that American swagger of his, but he was clearly stunned by the pure wildness, almost the savagery, of the welcome. He stood with a sheepish, incredulous grin on his face in a hurricane of sound. The young at Kent State were going nuts in a different direction, far different from 1970. Outside the field house, a few dozen demonstrators tried to get attention, protesting the Reagan budget and its treatment of the poor, but they looked like forlorn period pieces.

In a theory of physics that I do not pretend to understand, the universe is but one electron, eternally hurtling, as matter and antimatter, between Big Bang and Doomsday across the interval where we presumably live and dudge along in the subjective Present. Time, in this version, fires forward from the First Light of creation, then bounces off Doomsday and reverses itself, firing just as quickly back to the beginning, and so on, eternally, thrumming the Superstrings of the universe. This is all entirely beyond me, but I find myself attracted to the poetry of the idea. The students of '70 and those of '84 were matter and antimatter, history and antihistory. Such was the underlying joke of the television series *Family Ties*, was it not? Aging '60s liberal parents have a sharp Reaganite son.

I am afraid that my heart hardens a bit when I think about the '60s. I detect in Mark's piece a vibration of a moral self-importance that was characteristic of the

time, a dudgeon that somehow wearies and irritates me when it comes shaking its finger at me after so many years.

It is difficult for me to sort out the emotions that well up at memories of Kent State and all that surrounded it. In the last year or two I have spent a lot of time in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank, and thoughts of that long, grinding tragedy somehow color my feelings about Kent State. There are times when—horrible to say so, perhaps—American traumas have a lack of seriousness about them, or too much ease of meaning.

The photograph that opens Mark's piece has, of course, become an American icon, a *Guernica*. Sometimes we seem to make our historical way from one icon to another. Americans have a genius for sliding by on symbolisms.

One of my best friends is John L. Wheeler, a former Army captain who served in Vietnam and later was chairman of the Vietnam Memorial Commission that after much struggle succeeded in getting Maya Lin's black wall of names installed on the Mall in Washington. Another American icon. I go to the memorial often. Americans come there at all hours of the day and night and search for someone's name, which they run their fingertips across, and leave tender mementos at the wall—a can of Budweiser, a flag, a photograph. The other day I took my wife to the wall. She had never seen it before. We arrived just before dusk on a clear, cold winter evening. I was not thinking about the memorial but about other matters. I simply wanted to show my wife Jack Wheeler's accomplishment. But as we walked along the black wall, going deeper and deeper into that inundation of American names, the declivity of the black granite precisely describing the nation's slow submersion in the war, tears shot to my eyes, and I was back there, exactly, in the midst of Vietnam. Something had happened well below the surface of words, in some inaccessible reach of memory and grief. That I was against the war at the time was irrelevant to the feelings that the memorial summoned now.

It is a matter of instinct I suppose. The memory of Kent State stirs in me only a sort of intellectual sorrow. The names on the wall—and for that matter the Vietnamese people still floating toward Hong Kong, away from the war—move me to real grief.

LANCE MORROW is a Senior Writer at *Time*.



CHARLES GATEWOOD/THE IMAGE WORKS

For this department a distinguished writer is asked to read the magazine's contents before publication and to comment, elaborate or take issue with them.



**PHOTO FINISH**

*Hu-La-La*

UPI/BETTMANN NEWSPHOTOS



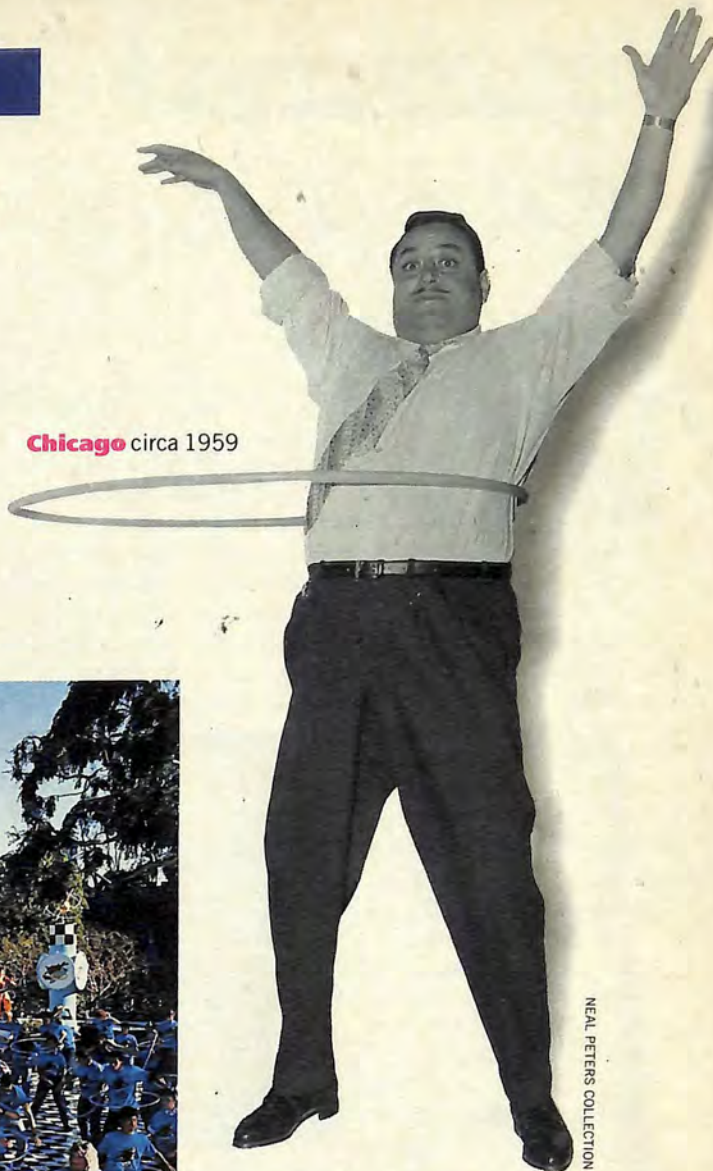
**Paris**  
1958



PICTORIAL PARADE

**New York** circa 1958

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AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS (3)

**Disneyland** 1988



**Tokyo**  
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**Oklahoma City** 1958

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**Giza, Egypt** 1959





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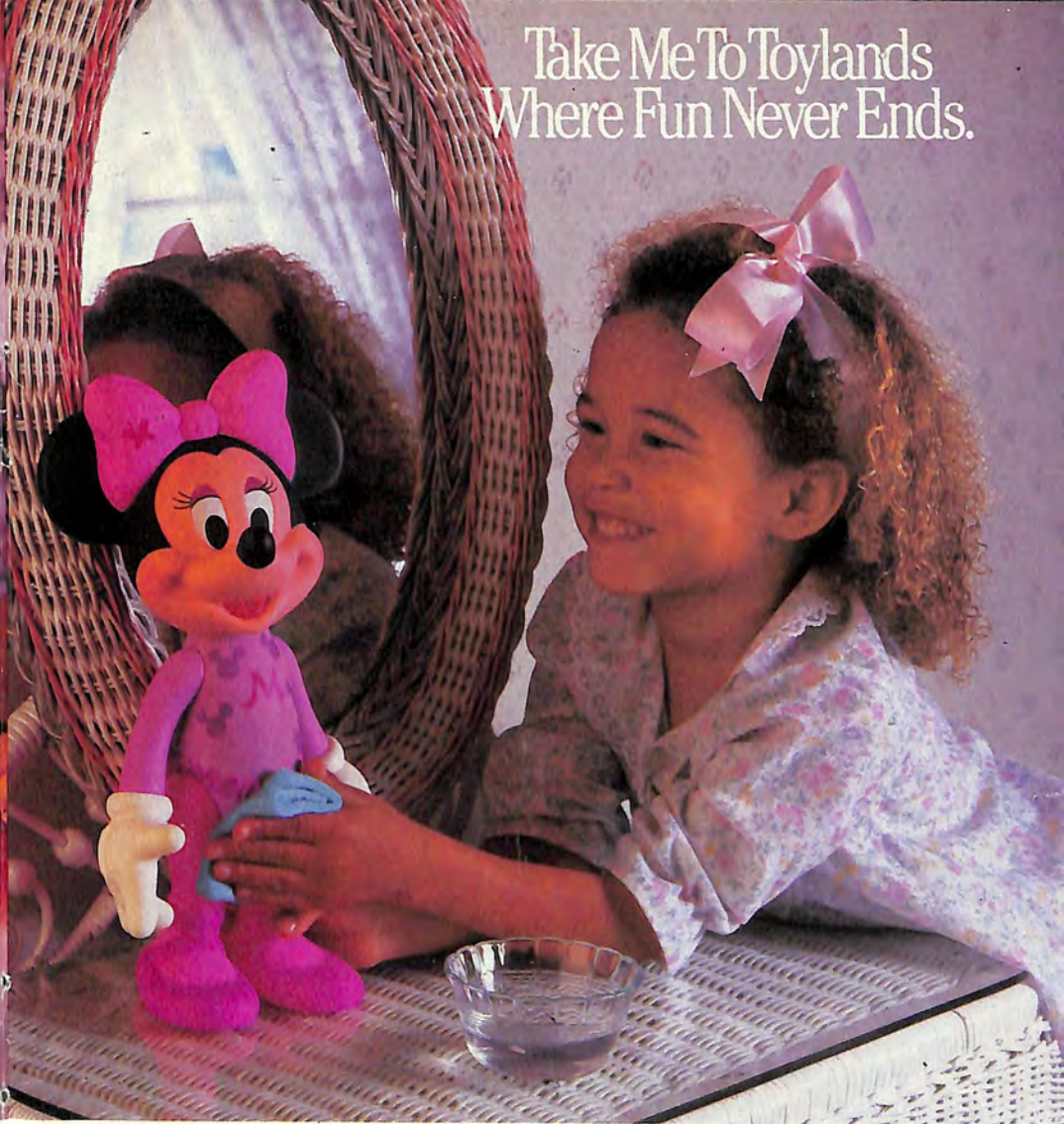


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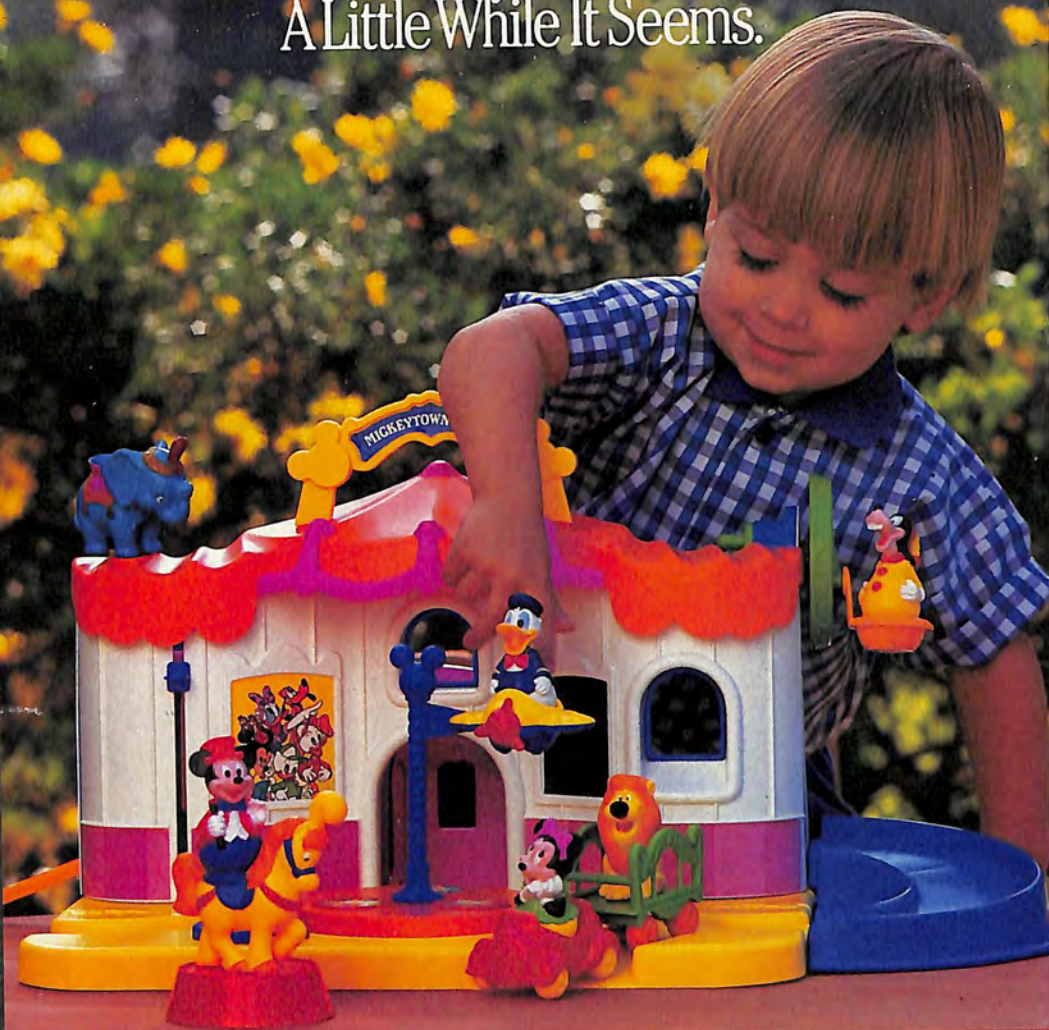
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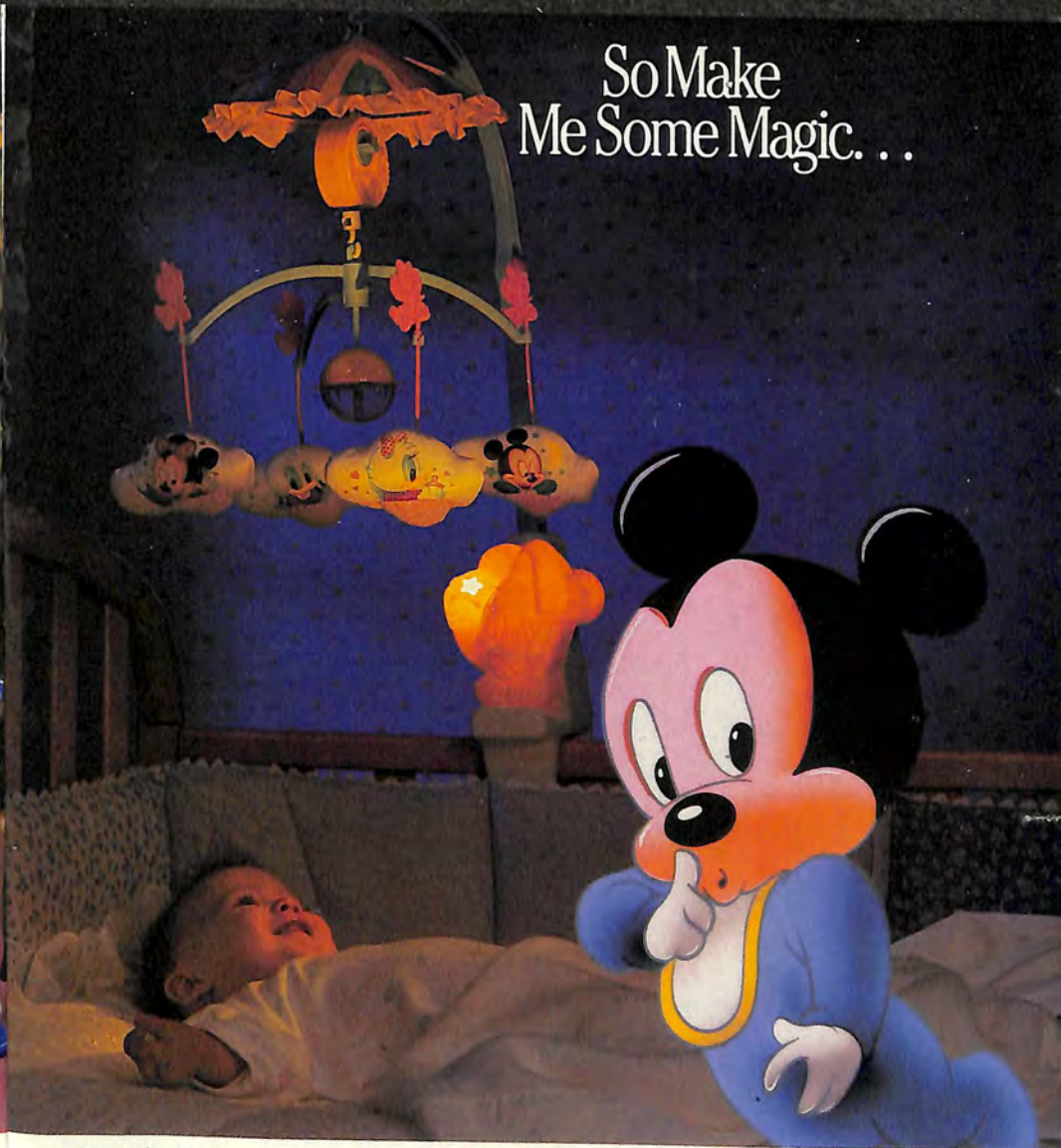


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